



# LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE

No. XLI.]

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WHAT ALONE ENABLES US TO DRAW A JUST MORAL FROM THE  
TALE OF LIFE?



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**EXPERIENCE.'**—Lord Lytton.

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But drain the drugs, and lick the cup,  
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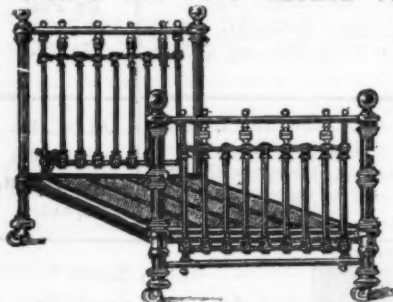
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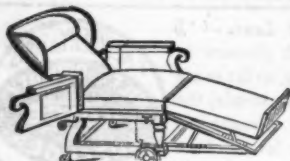


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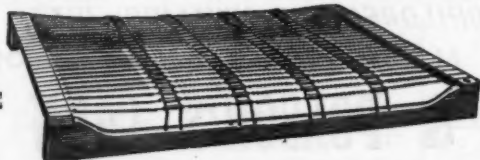
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MARCH 1886.

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# LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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MARCH 1886.

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## *Children of Gibeon.*

BY WALTER BESANT.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER VI.

AN UNLUCKY DAY.

CLAUDE waited below in Ivy Lane on the shady side of the street. It was full of children playing noisily, and there were soft and murmurous echoes, poetically speaking, from Hoxton Street on the right, where there is a perpetual market. Presently he became aware of a shrill voice rapidly rising, which he easily recognised as his sister Melenda's voice.

The voice rose so loud that he could catch some of the words. And it seemed to him as if this visit promised to be even a greater failure than that to the Almshouse. At last the voice grew so shrill and the language so unmistakable, that he thought he ought to follow the girls, if only to protect them.

When he opened the door he was greeted by Melenda herself with a derisive laugh.

'Charity boy!' she said, pointing with her forefinger.

He had, however, heard this remark before, and now received it without emotion.

Valentine was standing at the table with flushed face and a look of bewilderment and pain. Violet was cowering in Lizzie's chair—absolutely cowering—and crying. Lotty was looking on,

troubled and perplexed. Lizzie sat on the bed beside her, the work in her hands, making believe that the scene neither interested nor concerned her, and that she was wholly occupied and absorbed in her button-holes, which she handled ostentatiously, holding the garment up to the light, spreading it on her knee, contemplating it with the needle in her mouth, and in other ways proclaiming her entire unconsciousness of the Row. Yet she listened and smiled with pride when Melenda surpassed herself, and from time to time she lifted her great eyes and took in some fresh detail of the ladies' dresses. Oh! could she ever have dreamed of things so beautiful?

'Charity boy!' repeated Melenda. 'Of course he brought the charity girl with him.'

Claude made no reply, which disconcerted her. And he looked at her not angrily, but gravely and wonderingly, which made her still more angry.

'What is the matter, Valentine?' he asked, after a pause. 'Has my sister been rude to you?'

'Yes,' Melenda broke in; 'I've been rude to both of 'em. I've told them the truth, and I wish they may like it and get it every day. Rude? Oh! yes, I've been rude. Don't make any error about that, Claude.' She stuck—I use the word deliberately—she stuck her elbows on the table and put on her most defiant face.

'What is the truth, Melenda?' Claude asked her; 'will you tell it to me as well?'

The aggravating thing with Claude was that you could never make him angry by calling him names, not even by calling him a charity boy. To-day, being in a Rage Royal, Melenda began with this supreme insult. She generally ended with it. People ought to get angry when you call them names, else there is no reason in calling names; and then, what a weapon thrown away! Not to get angry in return is unkind towards one's fellow-creatures; it betrays want of sympathy; it arrogates a disgusting superiority; it makes people who have yielded to their wrath, and slung all the names they could find, hot and ashamed of themselves. Common people, ordinary, simple, unaffected people, not stuck-up people, get very angry when they are called names, and retaliate by calling worse names immediately by return post, or they take to punching heads or jumping upon one another. Claude, for his own exasperating part, only looked at his sister with his grave eyes as if he was wondering where she was feeling the pain and what ought to be done for it.

‘Let us have the whole truth, Melenda.’

‘The truth is that we don’t want fine ladies here. We’re work-girls, and we’ve got to earn our living, and we ain’t ashamed of it. We don’t want to be looked at like as if we were elephants in a circus. Let ‘em go and look at somebody else. We ain’t a show. Lotty ain’t a clown; I ain’t a jumping-horse; Liz ain’t a Salamander.’

‘Don’t you want to see your sister again, Melenda?’

‘My sister!’ She threw out her arms with a fine gesture, free and unstudied. ‘Oh! look at me and look at them. Listen to him—my sister! Look at my frock, and Lotty’s frock, and Lizzie’s frock, and look at theirs. My sister! And they can’t tell which it is. My sister! If you come to that—’

‘But one of these young ladies is your sister—and mine.’

‘It’s the first I’ve heard of Polly being a young lady. Which of ‘em is it, then? Is it her, who can’t be spoken to but she begins to cry? or her’—Melenda suited gesture with her thumb to words, so that no mistake should be possible—‘who wants to shake hands and to kiss? A pretty kiss!’

‘They only learned a day or two ago that they had a sister. Was it unkind in them to make themselves known to you as quickly as they could?’

‘Well, they’re curious, and they’ve had their curiosity. They’ve seen me, and now they may go away and boast to all the swells that they’ve got a sister who makes button-holes. Sooner they go the better. Come! they’ve wasted time enough already.’

‘You are very unkind,’ said Valentine. ‘If we were to come again when you were not so busy with work—’

‘No,’ said Melenda, ‘I don’t want to see either of you never again. One of you is Polly, because you say so, and I don’t see why you should be proud of being my sister. Well, when Polly leaves off pretending to be a lady she may come here, and not before.’

‘Your sister,’ said Claude, ‘can never lay aside that pretence.’

‘Mother hadn’t ought to let her go,’ the girl went on; ‘I always said so. Why should Polly be brought up with nothing to do all her life but to sit down and to eat and drink?’

‘On the contrary,’ said Claude, ‘she has done a great deal.’

‘Does she go dressed like this?’ asked Melenda, springing to her feet, and displaying with rapid gesture the deficiencies of her scanty wardrobe, the whole of which was upon her. ‘Does she get up at six and work all day till nine? Does she have bread and butter and tea for all her meals?’

'Oh!' said Valentine, 'if you will only let us help you. We did not come here to pry upon you—not out of curiosity—oh! not out of curiosity. We came because we wanted to know our sister.'

'Now you know her then, you can go away again. I don't mind. You see what I am. Oh! I know what I'm like, and what Liz is like, and Lotty—only Lotty is different. Fine manners, ours, ain't they? Go away and laugh at us.'

'Indeed there is nothing to laugh at,' said Valentine.

'Then cry over us like her'—she meant Violet. 'I dare say she likes crying. If a girl had said half to me that I've said to her, I'd have had her hair out of her head.'

'You are cruel,' said Violet; 'is it our fault that Polly was taken from you?'

'Didn't say whose fault it was. It's no concern of mine. You've got my thimble, Liz. Where's your own?'

'Melenda, try to be gracious,' said Claude. 'Pretend to know something about manners. Make believe that Sam is here. You generally behave, you know, when Sam is present.'

Melenda sniffed. 'Come,' she said, returning to the charge, 'you were curious to see your sister, weren't you? Well, you've seen her, and I dare say you'll ask her to tea and shrimps and meet your fine friends. I'll come with Joe and Sam and some of Joe's kids if you like, to make a family party. And now you can go away and be mighty thankful that you weren't left to grow up with your mother and me. Else you'd be sitting here this moment where Liz is sitting, and working like Liz is working.'

She sat down, picked up her work, and began to sew again violently.

Valentine sighed. 'You *shall* see me again,' she said, 'whether you like it or not. You cannot lock the door in your sister's face. I will make you want to see me.'

Melenda went on sewing without any reply.

Then Valentine turned to Lotty.

'Tell me,' she said, 'are you perhaps a cousin of Melenda's and mine?'

'No,' said Lotty, 'I'm only her friend. We've lived together for eight years, Melenda and me.'

'And do you sew every day?'

'Unless we're out of work we do. It is all we have learned.'

'But you don't look strong enough for the work.'

'I'm stronger than I look,' said Lotty, smiling. 'I can do a good bit of work. It's my back which isn't strong, and makes me



cough sometimes. I've got to lie down a great deal. And then Melenda works for me.' She looked up shyly. 'You won't mind what Melenda said, will you, Miss? She's put out to-day about something—something somebody said to Liz about the work it was. Please don't mind: she's easy put out, but she's the best heart in the world.'

'You'll just have to lie down again, Lotty,' said Melenda, 'if you talk so much.'

'What is your name?' asked Valentine.

'Lotty—Charlotte East. This is Liz. Her father lives downstairs, but she lives and works with us. She's seven years younger than me. I'm twenty-four and Liz is seventeen.'

'Do you like your work, my dear?' Valentine asked Lizzie.

The girl turned her great heavy eyes upwards. 'No, I don't,' she replied, slowly.

'If you've got to do it, what's the odds whether you like it or whether you don't?' asked Melenda.

'Come, Valentine,' said Violet, 'it is no use staying.'

'Not a bit,' said Melenda.

'Have you no kind word for us at all, Melenda?' Valentine asked.

'Look here,' the girl replied; 'you don't belong to us, neither of you. Go away to the people you do belong to—you and Claude. They're the people that keep us girls on a shilling a day, so as they can get their dresses cheap. Stick to them. They're the people who've stolen the land and the labour and everything that's made. Sam says so. Leave us alone. Don't come here and laugh at us. I won't have it. And as for you'—she turned to Violet, who shrank back and caught Claude by the arm—'dare to come again and cry at us! If you do, I'll tear your bonnet off.'

'You are behaving very rudely, Melenda,' said Claude.

She sniffed again and tossed her head.

Since, however, she continued in this hard and unrepentant mood, and showed no sign of melting, there was nothing left but to withdraw, which they did, retreating in good order, as the history books say, or rolling sullenly over the border, as they also say. That is, the enemy did not shove them downstairs, nor tear off their bonnets, nor hurl things after them, nor call them names, but suffered them to retire unmolested. To be sure, they were routed; there was no possibility of mistake about that.

For at least two hours Melenda continued stitching in absolute silence, but her lips moved. At the expiration of this period she



broke out into short interjectional phrases, which showed that her mind was powerfully working. 'I'm glad I spoke out—did her good for once—I won't be cried at—we don't want curious ones here—teach them to keep their own places,' and so forth—not original or novel phrases, and perhaps wanting in dignity, but with some fire. Then she relapsed into silence again.

It was nearly nine o'clock when it became too dark to see the work any longer, and they put it by.

Then Lizzie began to make certain preparations. She took a hat out of a drawer—a hat with a feather in it. She tied a bright-coloured ribbon round her neck, and she put on her ulster, which is a work-girl's full dress for summer or for winter, only in summer there is not always a frock under it.

'Liz, dear,' said Lotty, 'you won't be late, will you? And, Liz—don't—oh! Liz—don't talk with any more gentlemen.'

Lizzie made no reply, and disappeared.

'She's put on her best ribbon,' Lotty said, with a sigh, 'her Sunday ribbon. What's that for, I wonder?'

Melenda made no reply. She was thinking of her own sister, not of Lizzie.

'Oh!' she cried presently, throwing out her arms in a gesture unknown to the stage, but natural and very striking; 'if she'd only come alone! But to come in a pair, and for both to sit and smile and say they didn't know which of them was Polly, as if it didn't matter what became of her—I suppose because she was a poor girl and her mother was a washerwoman, and you and me and Liz beneath their notice, and it was all pride and curiosity and looking down upon us—I couldn't bear it, Lotty, so I spoke up. I'm glad I did.'

She showed her gladness by bursting into tears.

'I'd do it again. If they come again, I'd do it again. With their kid gloves and their real flowers and gold chains, and to look about the room as if we were wild beasts at a show, and a teapot a thing they'd never seen before. We don't want 'em. Let 'em leave us to ourselves. We can do our work without them, and bear what we've got to bear, Lotty, you and me together, can't we?'

'They looked sorry,' said Lotty, doubtfully; 'they'd got kind faces and they spoke kind.'

'I don't know,' Melenda went on, 'which I hate the most—the one who looked as if the very sight of us made her sick and ashamed—that was the one who began to cry when I up and

cheeked her; or the one who wouldn't cry, and on'y stared as if I was something strange, and kep' saying that I was mistaken, and wouldn't get into a rage, say what I liked. Just like Claude—you can't put Claude in a rage. I believe that one must be Polly. All the same I hate her: I hate 'em both.'

'I wouldn't hate them if I were you, Melenda,' said Lotty. 'What's the good? They only came to see if they could help you, p'raps.'

'They help me? Likely! I wouldn't have their help, nor Claude's neither, if I was starving. As for Polly being my sister, they took her away and we've lost her.'

'If it was to dress her up and make her a lady, so much the better for her. I wish somebody would take us all three away and do just the same.'

'You've no spirit, Lotty. Of course it's your poor back. But you've no spirit.'

Melenda put on her hat and went downstairs into the street. She always finished the day in this manner. After fifteen hours of sewing in one room and in one position it is necessary to get change and fresh air. Therefore two of the girls roamed the streets, making of Hoxton Street and Pitfield Street and the City Road and Old Street their boulevard from nine o'clock or so until twelve. The society of the streets is mixed; things are said in them which in other circles are left unsaid; but there is life and a faint semblance of joy, and some kind of laughter and light and fresh air. Melenda passed through the children playing in Ivy Lane, and the groups of mothers standing about and talking together, and turned into Hoxton Street. She avoided for once the crowd on the pavement, and trudged along in the road behind the costers' carts, for it is a street where they hold perpetual market. When she came to the end of Hoxton Street she walked on till she came to the bridge over the canal. It is a strange place. The water lies below black and rather terrible. Melenda had heard legends of girls throwing themselves into that black water when they were tired of things. There is generally visible a barge with its light and its fire. To-night the girl's brain, as she leaned over the parapet, was full of tumult. Her own sister had come back to her, and she had driven her away with shameful words and insults. To be sure she had long forgotten the very existence of her sister. Perhaps, from time to time, she thought of her as one thinks of an old playmate gone away years ago to Australia or to the Western Lands, never to return. But she had come back—the

little Polly—transformed into a young lady, and Melenda had used hard words.

It was nearly midnight when she got home. A few of the children were still in the court, but they were sitting on the doorsteps, and some of them asleep: these were the children who were afraid to go upstairs because father was drunk and not yet gone to sleep. A few women were still talking, but most had gone home and to bed. One or two of the men were singing or roaring or crying, according to their habits when drunk; but not many, because it was Monday night, which is generally a sober time. In the room on the first floor front Liz was in bed and sound asleep. Lotty was lying on her back, watching and waiting.

‘Melenda,’ she whispered, ‘they were beautiful young ladies. They meant to be kind. Don’t make them cry if they come again.’

‘There oughtn’t to have been but one,’ said Melenda, severely. ‘Go to sleep this minute, Lotty. Polly wasn’t twins.’

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## CHAPTER VII.

### AFTER MELEND.

IN the evening of the same day Lady Mildred was at home. Claude’s acquaintance with society was limited, as may be supposed. He who is climbing must wait until he has reached the higher levels before he can think of society. Such an evening as this, with the musical laughter of girls, the continuous murmur of talk, the brightness of the rooms, the atmosphere of happiness and freedom from care, just as if everything was real, solid, and abiding, and everybody was young and happy, and was going to remain young and happy, filled Claude with a kind of intoxication and delight, and to-night he could admire his sister in one of these two girls with a sense of wonder as if it was a dream. His life had been serious—the life of one who had no chance except to succeed by his own efforts. Society, which has no serious aims, holds no place for such a man until he has succeeded: women hold no place in such a man’s life until he has got up to a certain elevation.

‘What are you thinking of, Claude?’ Valentine asked him.

'I was thinking of contrasts and incongruities,' he replied.

'The contrast of the afternoon with the evening. Yes. But if you cannot forget those things, you will begin to think that we are all mocking at misery. What would Melenda think and say if she were to stand among us suddenly?'

'One can hardly imagine,' Claude laughed, 'anything more incongruous.'

'I suppose she would ask us how we could possibly feel happy on the very day when we had seen her home and her friends. And I am sure she would not understand how we could sing and laugh and yet not forget her or cease to think of her. Society must have its incongruities—I suppose, because we must hide away so much of ourselves.'

At the other end of the room was Violet in the middle of a group, talking with bright eyes and apparently the lightest heart in the world.

'Violet had a hysterical fit when we came home this afternoon,' Valentine whispered. 'Melenda was too much for her. Yet she puts on a brave face, and nobody would suspect the truth.'

With her—one of her group—was Jack Conyers. As Valentine crossed the room with Claude he glanced quickly from Violet to Valentine and then to Claude.

Strange! The girls were not only like each other, but they both looked like Claude. It was the first opportunity Conyers had obtained since hearing of Claude's relations with Lady Mildred's daughters of making a comparison between the girls and their brother. Surely, with the portrait of Sir Lancelot at five-and-twenty, gazing upon the room from the wall; with Lady Mildred herself, present in the flesh; with the two girls, and with Claude their brother, there should be data enough to solve the problem easily. Jack Conyers, however, like everybody else who attempted a solution of the riddle, forgot one essential thing. It is this: if two girls are brought up together from childhood in exactly the same way, with the same education, the same food, the same governors, pastors, and masters, and are kept apart from other girls, and are dressed alike, they may grow very much like each other; little points of resemblance may become accentuated. Chinamen, for instance, who are a very gregarious people, present to the outward world millions of faces all exactly alike. Old married people are often observed to have grown like each other; and if you look at a girls' charity school, where they live all together under one roof, and are subjected to exactly the same

rules and influences, you will find that they certainly grow to have the same face.

There is, for instance, a certain Reformatory of my acquaintance in a London suburb. The young ladies belonging to this institution are marched in procession to church every Sunday. As they pass along the road, the admiring bystander becomes presently aware that they are all exactly alike. It is bewildering until philosophy lends its light. For the girls are like so many sisters: here a dozen twins; here a triplet or two; here more twins. Some are older, some are younger; but they are all of one family—they are apparently of one father and one mother. The Reformatory face is striking, but by no means pleasing. It looks, in fact, as if *Monsieur le Diable* has had more to do with the girls' fathers or mothers, or both, than with other people's fathers and mothers.

No doubt it was due to the nineteen years of close association and friendship that Valentine and Violet had grown so much alike, and Mr. Conyers, had he been wise, would have looked for points of dissimilarity rather than of resemblance. But this he did not think of. Besides, the young ladies were not like the models who came to his studio: they did not sit to him; he could only study their faces furtively.

'They both look like Claude too,' Jack Conyers thought, with troubled brow. 'First one looks like him, and then the other. If only they wouldn't dress their hair exactly alike, there might be a chance.'

Other eyes besides his own were curiously watching and comparing Claude with the two girls, for some of the people knew that the brother of one was present, and there was a natural anxiety to know which he resembled and what sort of a young man he was. Seeing that he was only the son of a working man, it was rather disappointing to find a young man of good manners and excellent appearance, reported to be a Fellow of Trinity who had distinguished himself, and was now called to the Bar. Except that the face was somewhat like the faces of the girls, cast like theirs in the oval mould, there was nothing at first sight to connect him with one girl more than with the other. So that everybody was disappointed and went empty away.

Presently Valentine sang. She had a strong and full contralto voice, which had been carefully trained and cultivated. And she had, besides, the heart of the musician. But she would not sing more than once.

'Claude,' Violet whispered, when the singing ceased, 'can you sing?'

'Not at all. I have no voice.'

'Nor have I. That is one point of resemblance between us. Is it part of our inheritance? No voice and no fortune. Of course you can paint and draw.'

'No. I can hardly hold a pencil, and I never tried to paint.'

'Oh! That is very strange, because it is the only thing I can do at all. In that respect Valentine is like you. I suppose you cannot embroider? I am clever in embroidery.'

'No, unfortunately. But I can make Latin and Greek verses: that is perhaps a branch of embroidery.'

'If you could make English verses I would claim this as a point of resemblance. Are you clever at sums?'

'No, not very.'

'Oh! I am sorry, because I am. Now Valentine can never add anything correctly. Are you—tidy?'

'No, not at all.'

'I am so glad, because I am the most untidy person in the world, and Valentine is the neatest. Her room is like a ship's cabin. Are you fond of dogs and animals?'

'Not very.'

'What a pity! because I am; and I have the most lovely dogs at home—in the country you know. I would not let the poor things come to town. But Valentine does not care much for them. Do you like music?'

'Yes; but I cannot play.'

'Well, I can play, I suppose, but Valentine is really a musician, not an amateur. Well, Claude, this is most exasperating, because one moment you are like Valentine and the next you are like me. Is there anything else that you can do?'

'I know one or two modern languages and a little law. And I can row a little, play cricket a little, play tennis a little——'

'We can play lawn-tennis too. Claude'—she lowered her voice again—'never mind the points of resemblance. But, oh! it was a truly dreadful afternoon. My poor brother!'

What she meant was that if she, in one interview, found Melenda so unspeakably dreadful, what must be his own feelings about her when he had always known her?

'As for me,' he replied, intelligently answering her unspoken question, 'Melenda has always been my sister. I am used to her. But of course she has not been yours.'



'Spare us another interview, Claude. I am selfish, I know. But I cannot bear to go there again—just yet.'

'You shall not go again unless you wish, Violet. I am afraid she was—well—outspoken.'

'She was—unspeakable.'

This was true, and the fact is a sufficient excuse for the silence of history as regards her actual words. History, like schoolmaster Sam in his class-room, is perpetually wiping out something with a sponge. Also, like Sam, History has a board as black as Erebus itself to write upon.

'Yes;' it was Jack Conyers' voice, which was not loud but penetrating, and he was talking with Valentine. 'Yes; since I saw you in Florence I have been irresistibly forced to devote myself wholly to Art. Such other personal ambitions as I may have cherished are now altogether abandoned.'

'Indeed! But there is nothing more delightful than Art, Mr. Conyers, or more honourable, is there?'

'I shall hope to see you and your sister in my studio some happy day, Miss Valentine. My picture will not be completed and ready for exhibition for three or four years more. But my friends will be allowed to see it in progress.'

'I hope we shall see it in the Academy or the Grosvenor.'

He put up his hands and shuddered gently.

'Not that,' he murmured; 'anything but that.'

'Claude,' said Violet, 'that is the man who paid us so much attention last winter in Florence. He really was very useful to us; and he divided his attentions equally, you see, so as to prevent mistake.'

'What mistake?'

'Why, you silly boy, he might have made love to Polly instead of to Beatrice. He has had ten minutes with Valentine, and now he will come to me. Do you believe in him?'

'I knew him at Cambridge. We thought he was clever.'

'He talks perpetually about himself, as if he very much wished to be thought clever; and—I don't know—but there does not seem always the right ring about him. Does there? He isn't real.'

Presently Claude's turn came with Lady Mildred. She was always gracious—always a *grande dame de par le monde*—but she had never been more gracious or greater than that evening, when she found her opportunity to say a few words for his own ear.

'Do you remember, Claude,' she asked him, 'a certain day twelve years ago when I took you to the opera, and told you that



if you wished you could take your own place among the people you saw there?’

‘I remember all that you ever told me, Lady Mildred.’

‘Well, the time has come; you may take your place. I will, if you please, place you in as good a set as anyone can desire. It helps a young man to be seen occasionally in society.’

‘I have never thought much of society. My ambition has always been to justify——’

‘I know it has, Claude. You have more than justified what was done for you at first. Otherwise, should I have made you known to your sister?’

‘But you allowed me to take them to——’

‘Yes, Claude. Your sister ought to know her relations. She need not associate with them unless she pleases. Perhaps she would not quite appreciate you unless she understood what you have done. I want her to be proud of you, Claude.’

‘Thank you,’ he said.

‘You think—you feel—that success and personal distinction will satisfy your soul, Claude?’

‘Why,’ he replied, wondering, ‘what else is there? We are all fighting for place of some kind, and I am fighting for a front place.’

‘And you think you will be happy when you get that place?’

‘I am sure that nothing else will make me happy. Why do you ask, Lady Mildred?’

‘Be happy, my dear boy, in any way you can. Only do not be quite sure that there is no other ambition possible for you.’

Claude walked away with Conyers about midnight. His friend was not quite satisfied. He had not discovered anything, and he doubted whether he had made it quite certain that he was going to be a great painter.

‘Well,’ he said, ‘have you learned anything yet—the truth about these young ladies? That is, if it is not a secret of state.’

‘Not a secret of state at all. Only that we do not know. Lady Mildred will tell us when she pleases.’

They smoked their cigarettes in silence for a while.

‘Jack,’ said Claude, after a pause, ‘about that girl—the girl you were talking about—you know—the girl with the eyes and the possible face—the girl you talked of making your model.’

‘I remember. What about her?’

‘Don’t do it, Jack. Let the girl stay. I have been quite

lately among girls of her class. Such a girl might very well be my own sister. Leave her alone 'ack.'

'My dear fellow, out of half a million girls—but have it your own way. There are plenty of models, though not many with such eyes. But have it your own way. As if any girl could be harmed by devoting herself to the service of Art!'

'Yes,' said Claude, 'the same thing used to be said in Cyprus when they wanted a girl to devote herself to the service of Aphrodite.'

'If the girl would sit to me I would paint her. That is all. But you are quite right, Claude. It would be a pity to turn her head. She shall stay with her friends and go on with her sewing, so far as I am concerned.'

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### ALICIA.

'WELL, Jack, as you have not thought fit to call upon me, I have come to call upon you.'

His visitor was a woman no longer in her first youth, but not yet much past thirty; of an age when one begins to say of a woman that she still keeps her good looks—a handsome woman, large-limbed and tall, with full cheek and smiling mouth; a good-tempered woman, yet one who knew her own mind and had her own way. And though she laughed, her eyes had a look in them which made Jack, who felt guilty, wish that the visit was over.

'Thank you,' he said. 'It has been very rude of me, but I have been getting settled. You know that I have at last taken a studio.'

'Really! You may call me Alicia, you know, Jack, just as you used to do. I am glad to hear that you have begun to do some work.'

'I have begun my Work.' There is a subtle distinction between beginning to work and beginning one's Work.

'Oh! And—meanwhile, Jack?'

He met those eyes and blushed.

'Meanwhile?' she repeated. 'A man can't make himself an independent gentleman quite for nothing, and you've been playing that game now for five years. And a man can't make money by painting, unless he is mighty lucky, all at once.'

Therefore, meanwhile, Jack, and until the money begins to come in?’

‘What do you mean?’ But he knew very well what she meant, because this lady knew all his family history and the exact amount of the fortune—a very little one—with which he had started, and it was no use making pretences with her: very few women are so considerate with men as to help them along with their little pretences.

‘I mean, how are you going to live?’

‘Like the sparrows, I suppose—somehow.’

‘Sparrows don’t belong to clubs, and haven’t a taste for claret, and don’t pay a hundred and twenty pounds a year for rent. Now, I’m not going to let you take any of their money from the girls—they’ve got little enough, Lord knows.’

‘I do not propose to rob my sisters, Alicia.’

‘Then you will be wanting money very badly indeed before long. Besides, you never will make any by honest work. You can’t paint, Jack, that is the truth, and you never will be able. What is the use of deceiving yourself? I didn’t live eight years with my poor old man without learning something about pictures. Look here, now.’ She took up one of the small portraits on the mantelshelf. ‘Here’s a thing! Yours, of course. Here’s flesh—like putty! The eyes are not straight, and there’s no more feeling about the lips than—well—and the worst of it is, you’ll never learn. My old man wouldn’t have given you half-a-crown for such a thing. No, you’ll never learn, for your only chance is to begin at the bottom of the ladder, where everybody must begin. But you’re too conceited for that. Oh! you’re a genius, I know, and painting comes by nature, we all know that.’

Jack reddened with anger. But he answered mildly, because for many reasons he could not quarrel with this plain-speaking lady.

‘Really, Alicia, you carry the licence of old friendship too far.’

‘Not a bit too far, Jack. It does you good to hear the truth. Who was this girl whose head you’ve got here? I seem to know her face. Some model, I suppose. She sat to you and you paid her a few francs, and now you’ve stuck her over your mantelpiece for your friends to see, and you pretend she was in love with you, and you brag about your conquests——’ A cruelly truthful woman, because that was just exactly what Jack had done. Men like Jack Conyers always do this kind of thing. ‘Pretty conquests!’

'Did you come here, Alicia, on purpose to insult and wound me?'

'Not on purpose. But I certainly came to have it out with you.'

She sat down, as if to contemplate the situation.

'Patience has limits, Jack, I warn you. It may seem to you easy as well as honourable to look out for a better match in society, and to throw me over if you succeed. Well, I don't think you will succeed. For you see, not many ladies, old or young, in society have got two thousand a year. And what have you got to offer them in exchange for their money, because they are not likely to give themselves away for nothing? If you haven't got fortune or family or brains, what have you got? Pretence—pretence of genius—sham and pretence. It's too thin, Jack. It won't stand washing. Besides, things will have to come out. Fancy your having to confess the little facts you have put away so carefully! Nobody in society cares where you come from so long as you can behave yourself and amuse people. All they want is to be amused; but when it comes to marrying, questions will be asked, my dear boy—will have to be answered too. Don't look so savage, Jack. Your father wasn't much, was he? And mine wasn't in a very lofty social position, was he? And my poor dear old man made his business in the picture-dealing line, didn't he? But then, you see, I don't pretend.'

'I suppose it is not a crime to desire social position,' said the young man, humbly. 'I did not say I was trying to marry anybody. Can't I desire social position and success in my Art?'

'Desire away, Jack; desire as much as you like. But how, meanwhile, I ask again, are you going to live? And how long do you think I shall let you play fast and loose with me? This kind of thing will not continue for ever.'

Jack murmured that he had no wish at all to play fast and loose with her.

'Look here, then,' she said, 'I will meet you half way. I will give you the rest of the summer. Have your fling; have your shy at an heiress. The season is nearly over. I won't give you longer than the summer. Then you must come back to me for good or not at all.'

Jack made no reply. I think, however, that in his heart he was grateful both for the length of the rope and the chance at the end of it.

'I know exactly what kind of life you desire. Your name

sounds good, and you want to be thought of a good old family. You could hide the family shop, because the name wasn't over the door, and you lived at Stockwell. You want to be thought a man of great refinement, and you want to be thought a genius.'

'You can say what you like in these rooms, Alicia.'

'I know I can. You also want all the solid comforts. As for them, I can give them to you: and some of the other things as well. You shall pretend to be a genius, if you like;—I'm sure, I don't care what you pretend. I'll give you an allowance to keep up appearances with—as for its extent, that will depend on your behaviour—yes—' for Jack's face showed a disposition to be restive —'married women's property is their own, nowadays, remember.

'Oh! keep your property.'

'You shouldn't have made love to me, Jack, a year ago, unless you intended to hear the truth.'

'You certainly make the most of your privilege.'

'O Jack, you have always been such a tremendous humbug. You were a humbug when you were a boy and used to brag about the great things you meant to do, and all the time the other boys walking past you easily. Then, you must become a gentleman, and must needs go to Cambridge and spend most of your little fortune there, pretending all the time that your father wasn't——'

'That is quite enough, Alicia!'

'Why, Jack, weren't the two shops side by side, your father's and mine? And didn't we go to church together? And didn't we go to the theatre together? And didn't you tell me everything? Why shouldn't we speak plain, you and me? When I married my poor dear old man, didn't I promise and vow that you and me should continue friends? You, a great man! You, a great genius! Oh no! But you can look the part, and that is something, isn't it? Good-bye, my dear boy. I don't like you so well as when you were a boy and made us laugh with your conceit, being always as conceited as Old Nick. Come and have dinner with me to-night. It won't interfere with your heiress-hunting. Nobody but yourself, and a bottle of the poor old man's best claret. Good-bye, Jack. Dinner at half-past six sharp.'

She lingered a moment and looked at the three portraits again. Then she burst into a loud laugh, natural, long, and hearty: 'Don Juan! Conqueror of hearts! Oh! we poor women, how he makes our hearts bleed! I thought I knew the face. Why, I know them all three now. And, Jack, it is really too thin. Every picture dealer knows them. I've got 'em all at home. This one is

a Frenchwoman, and sits in Paris. She's been Cleopatra and Ninon Longclothes, and anything else you please; and this is an Italian creature who's Venus coming out of the sea or a Nymph bathing—we've got her in both characters on the staircase wall. The Venus was put up at a hundred, but my old man never got his price. And the third sits for a Spanish girl, with a guitar, you know—which is stale business now—peeping behind a lattice, kneeling in church. Oh! Jack, Jack, what a terrible humbug you are!'

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## CHAPTER IX.

SAM.

THERE remained Sam.

After the embarrassments already twice caused by the introduction of the Duplicated Polly, Claude thought it would be best to explain beforehand. He did this, therefore, by letter, and invited her brother to meet the doubtful sister in his own chambers on the Sunday morning.

Sam accepted, but without enthusiasm. He already had one sister of whom he was ashamed, because she remained in poverty. Very likely the other would be just like her and an additional clog on his own respectability. Sam was one of that numerous tribe which dislikes the family clog. Claude, in his letter, spoke of the new sister as a young lady, but then the word Lady in these days of equality covers so wide an area. This is quite right, because, why should a title so gracious and beautiful be limited to the House of Peers and the narrow class of Armigeri?

Yet, everybody must not use it: it has still a distinctive meaning; it has a lower limit, except in the mind of the omnibus conductor, who employs it as a synonym for Madame. Melenda, for instance, was below that limit. She could be properly described as a Young Girl, which is the general name for the workwoman in youth, but no one would think of calling her a young lady. One who is employed in a shop; one who has been called to the Inner Bar; one who is in the ballet; one who is in the Front with the playbills, may be a young lady: but not a workgirl. Sam very naturally concluded that his other sister—the young lady—would be following such occupation, and he saw no reason for joy at the new addition to the family circle. But he was not unkind: it



was only natural, after all, that Polly, on returning to the family circle, should wish to see the brother who had so greatly distinguished himself: the fame and rumour of his own rise had, no doubt, reached her wondering ears; a man's relations only really begin to rally round him when he has shown how strong and tough and brave he is. Sam promised, therefore, to give up a portion of his Sunday morning to family affection. He kept that promise, and when he arrived in King's Bench Walk he found the girls waiting for him.

He was not, however, prepared for the sight of two young ladies, the like of whom he had never before encountered, either for appearance, or for dress, or for manners. They do not make girls, at least not many girls, after this pattern in Haggerston, where Sam's school is situated.

'One of these young ladies, Sam,' said Claude, 'is your sister, but, as I have already told you, we do not know which.'

Sam looked from one to the other, reddening and confused. Their eyes did not say, 'Is this the great and distinguished Sam?' Not at all: their expression conveyed another question, which he was quite sharp enough to read, namely, 'What will Sam be like?' One after the other gave him her hand, which Sam accepted with a pump-handle movement, saying to each, 'How do do?' just as if they had met after only a week's absence. Then he recovered, in some sort, the sense of himself and his own greatness, and he thought of the awe which he was doubtless inspiring, though the girls concealed it. Yet he was fain to mop his face with a pocket-handkerchief, and he said it was a hot morning, and in his agitation he dropped the aspirate, about which he was sensitive, because his own was the only aspirate to be found in all Haggerston except in church, and he mopped his face again. Then he found a chair and sat down. In this position he immediately rallied and stuck his thumbs into his waistcoat arm-holes. This is not the most graceful attitude possible for a man, but it suited Sam better than some others would have done. He could not, for instance, stand, like Claude, with no support or background; nor could he lean gracefully over a mantelshelf. He wanted an attitude which should convey a sense of strength and of complete self-satisfaction.

'You don't know which is Polly, Claude?' he asked, looking from one to the other as if they had been a pair of lay figures. 'Well, I'm sure I can't remember. Never mind, my dears,' he added, with a reassuring nod, 'I'll call you both my sisters.'

Claude had used almost the same words, but somehow the

effect produced was different. Violet turned away her eyes and Valentine gravely inclined her head.

Sam, as regards the outer man, which people insist on taking in evidence as regards the unseen soul, was stout and strongly built, with square shoulders. He was under the middle height, and his legs, if one must speak the truth, were short and curly. This is considered to be a sign of strength, though it is the line of beauty in the wrong place. His face as well as his legs showed strength; his forehead was broad and square; his sharp eyes were set back under thick red eyebrows; his coarse red hair rose from his forehead like a cliff; his nose, if short, was also broad; his mouth was firm, and his chin square. Never was there a stronger or more determined-looking young man. Never, certainly, if attitude and expression go for anything, was a young man more self-sufficient.

'You heard, of course,' he said, amiably, 'how your brother had got on in the world, and then you naturally wanted to see him. Well, here I am. Only don't look to me for a shove up. Everybody for himself, I say.'

'We will not ask anyone for a "shove up,"' said Violet, 'even though we do belong to the poor.'

'The poor?' Sam started in his chair and turned red. 'What do you mean by the poor? You belong to the working class, not the poor. The poor? Why, you are the great backbone of the country.'

'Am I?' Violet replied. 'Then if all the country has to depend upon——'

'The mainstay and support of the nation,' Sam continued. 'Don't let me hear you call the working class the poor again. One would think you came out of the Union.'

I am told that people in very high place are positively ignorant of rank in the middle class, and actually regard the general practitioner's lady as of no higher position than the wife of the leading draper, and the Vicar's young ladies as occupying the same level as the auctioneer's daughters. In the same way it is difficult to understand that there is rank and position among working people; so that before one gets to the Poor, properly so called, one has to go very far down. They are, in fact, like the Rich who continually recede the more one advances, so that one begins to suspect that there are no Rich left in this Realm of England.

'Very likely I did come out of the Union,' Violet replied, desperately. Was there no graciousness among the Monument family? 'Why should we not come out of the Union?'

'As for that,' Sam continued, 'I suppose you know nothing about your own family. I always said it was folly letting a girl be brought up by her natural enemies.'

'Why,' asked Valentine, 'why her natural enemies?'

'Of course, you know nothing. Who are the enemies of the working man unless it's the people who live upon him? Answer me that. What have your friends done for their living—eh? Answer me that.' He became suddenly quite fierce, and looked exactly like Melenda. His eyes glowed like hers, and he turned upon Valentine almost wrathfully. 'Of course you've been taught to look down upon the working classes and call them the Poor, and that you must be good to the Poor. Why, look at the way you're dressed. Should a decent working man's sister go about with gold chains and silk frocks and kid gloves?'

'You see, Val,' said Violet to Valentine, 'Joe told us the same thing. We shall both have to dress like Melenda.'

'Joe isn't a fool,' said Sam, 'though he's ignorant.'

'Pray tell us all the faults you have to find with us,' said Valentine. 'If we know what they are, we may correct them. We have certainly been taught kindness to poor people, and we have not been taught to despise working men. But go on.'

'I don't want to find fault with you,' Sam replied, more gently, 'only for luxury and laziness and living on other people's labour.'

'You read about the luxury and laziness in your papers, my brother,' said Claude. He had been standing in the window looking on without remark. 'Always verify your facts, Sam. I am sure you will not object to that rule. Ask them what they have learned. You will find that their record of work is as good, perhaps, as your own.'

'Yes, I know: learning to play music and to read French and paint and make pretty things and to dress up fine. Well, I don't say it is your faults. You can't help it. I hear you've been to see my mother and you've set her back up; and you've seen Joe, and he wants to know what it means, and what you're going to do—whichever of you it is—for a living when her ladyship is tired of you. And you've seen Melenda, and she flew out, being driven most out of her wits by hard work and being always hungry. And now you've seen me.'

'Yes,' said Violet. This young lady really could convey more meaning in a single word than others can in fifty. 'Yes.'

Claude's eyes brightened and Valentine looked anxious. But Sam observed nothing. Half tones were in fact lost upon him.

'Yes, now you've seen me. All the rest of them are proud of me, and I'm proud of myself.'

'I dare say,' said Valentine, because Violet smiled, which might be considered an aggressive movement. 'I dare say we shall be proud of you as we are of Claude when we know you.'

'Of Claude?' Sam snorted, and drew his feet under his chair. 'As proud as you are of Claude? Why, do you know what I am?' He swelled out his chest and squared his elbows. 'Do you know what I am? I'm the Master of a Board School. Do you know what that means?'

'Sam has every reason to be proud,' said Claude. 'When he was only a boy he resolved on making himself a master in a school, and he has done it. He taught himself mostly; I have been taught.'

Sam then proceeded to give a short sketch of his own progress, showing how he had scaled Alps, levelled great rocks, crossed mighty floods, in his single-handed struggle. The story lost nothing by being told by the hero. Few stories do, which you may prove by referring to the pages of any contemporary biography. 'And for the future,' he concluded, 'remember that you will have to deal with the Schoolmaster. The working men are the masters of the country, and we are the masters of the working men. They are looking to us already. We are going to be their leaders.'

'The House of Commons,' said Claude, 'will shortly be composed entirely of elementary schoolmasters.'

'As soon as members are paid,' Sam replied, 'there will be a good many. And the more the better. The time has come when you must have men in the House who know something—not Latin and Greek, mind, but something useful. What geography do they know, now? Nothing at all. With English possessions and colonies all over the world, the members know nothing of geography. There isn't a Sixth Standard boy who wouldn't be ashamed of the way they talk and the blunders they make. What do they know about trade and manufactures? Nothing. What do they know about the working man? Nothing. As for us, we do know him.'

'Do you influence him much?' asked Violet, innocently, so that I do not know what it was that made Valentine look alarmed.

'Not so much as we would. They won't let us teach him the truth at school. The Code won't let us—they know very well why. We've got to waste the time teaching him things that will

never be any use to him, such as spelling. What's the good of spelling to a man who never writes? And if you do write, what's the odds to a working man whether he spells right or wrong? But we must not teach the rights of humanity. We mustn't tell the boys anything about them. It would be difficult to examine for a grant in the Rights of Man, wouldn't it? and dangerous for some of the Committee of Council. But we know what the working men want and what they mean to have.'

'Tell us what do they mean to have,' said Valentine.

'What's the use?' It was curious to mark how Sam's rugged face leaped suddenly into rage and even ferocity, and then as suddenly dropped into gentleness. He was quite gentle now, as he answered, looking with a sort of pity upon a creature so beautiful, so dainty, and so unfit for the stern realities of life.

'What's the use?' he said. 'You are a young lady now and you belong to our enemies. What's the use of frightening you? Go home and enjoy yourself and eat and drink.'

'But tell us,' she persisted.

'I think we had better go home—and eat and drink,' said Violet.

'Sam thinks his own opinions are those of all the working men,' said Claude. 'It is not unusual when people think strongly. Tell them your opinions, Sam.'

'They are not my opinions only,' said Sam; 'don't think it. Well, if you ain't afraid, I am going to tell you just exactly what we mean to do—I and my friends—with you and your friends. You don't know and you don't suspect: it's just the same ignorance that was in France before the Revolution. One or two suspected what was coming, but most thought everything was going on for ever just the same. Very well. Don't you girls go away and say afterwards that you were left in ignorance. Go home and tell your friends that the working men of this country are going to have a Republic at last; not what your friends think and call a Republic, but the real thing. In a real Republic every man must be equal, so we shall of course abolish the Lords and all titles and privileged classes. As for the land, it belongs to the people; so we shall take the land and it shall be cultivated for the nation. And if anybody wants to be a priest, he may if he likes, after his day's work; for of course we shall disestablish the Church and take over Church property of all the churches for the good of the State. There shall be in our Republic no lazy parsons and ministers living on the people; and there shall be no lawyers, because there will be free justice,



and every man may have his case heard for nothing by a jury, and juries will sit every day if they are wanted. There will be no masters, employers, or capitalists, but equal wages for all and the same hours of work, with extra rations for those who have got children to support. There will be free education; there will be no idlers; everybody will be a working man. We shall take over all the railways, abolish the National Debt and the local debts. There will be no tradesmen, because the State—that is, the People—will keep the stores and distribute food and clothing. There will be no rates or taxes, because there will be no money, and labour will be the only coin, and everybody will pay his share by his own labour. There will be annual parliaments sitting every day all the year round, and nobody allowed to speak for more than five minutes. There will be, of course, manhood suffrage.'

'Will women vote?' asked Violet.

'Certainly not,' Sam replied, with decision. 'Women can't govern. Besides, they can't be trusted to work for the public good: they would want private property restored, and they'd set up a church and try to fix things so that their own sons should have nothing to do. Women haven't got any sense of justice.'

'Delightful,' said Violet. 'I was afraid I might be called upon to assist in governing.'

'Pray go on,' said Valentine.

'There will be plenty for all and no luxury. There will be no saving money, because there will be no money to save, and everybody will have to work, whether he likes it or not, until he is sixty, and then he will be maintained by the State. All buying and selling will be in the hands of the State. The great houses will be turned into museums; the private parks will be either cultivated or turned into public gardens. Now, do you begin to understand?'

'I think I do,' said Valentine. 'When is all this to be begun?'

'I don't know. Perhaps in a year or two—perhaps in ten years. We are educating the people. We shall try to keep back those who want to act at once until everybody has been taught our principles.'

'Sam is a Socialist,' Claude explained. 'I ought to have told you that before you came.'

'Why, listen to this.' Sam was thoroughly roused by this time. 'Here are facts for you. Claude can't deny this.' He sprang to his feet and stood over Valentine with flaming eyes,



breathing like a bull, and hammering his facts into the palm of his left hand with the most determined forefinger ever seen. 'Look at this. . . .' Here followed an avalanche of facts. 'What, I say, have the capitalist and the landlord done that they should get seventy per cent. of the working man's harvest? When our men are in they will get the whole for themselves. Talk of compensation! Do you compensate a pickpocket when you take the purse out of his hands? Vested rights? Rights of robbery. We shall take all—land, houses, wealth, and all—and we shall give them to the People, to whom they belong.'

By this time the indignation of the prophet had touched his lips with fire, and he went on to arraign the class of those who have great possessions with extraordinary vehemence and passion, and prophesied their overthrow, like another Ezekiel. Violet looked on and wondered, thinking how very much he resembled Melenda. Valentine looked on and wondered, because up to that time she had only heard vaguely of the extreme wickedness of the wealthy class, and because she could not understand at all how they were so wicked, or why they were going to be so dreadfully punished, or what this new world of the Socialist would be like. She was reassured by the attitude of Claude, who still stood at the window gravely listening, but without the least assent in his face or emotion in his grave eyes.

'And now you know,' Sam concluded, 'something of what is coming, not in this country only, but everywhere. Oh! yes: in the United States, which they pretend to be a land of freedom, and it's a worse country for the working man than this, even. Perhaps it will come there first; and in France, which they pretend to be a Republic—a fine Republic!—and in Germany and Russia, where they don't pretend to anything but despotism, kept up with millions of bayonets for the luxury of the privileged class. Then there shall be no more riches and no more poverty, no more rich and no more poor, no more luxury and no more starvation. If you are wise you will come over to us at once.' He seized Valentine's hand and held it tightly. 'Come out of it, I say, before the house falls down about your ears. Some declare that it is going to be a bloodless revolution, but I know better. There is too much to lose—money and rank and state and the easy life. Oh! yes—the easy life. They won't give these things up without a fight; they will fight to the death to defend their possessions. They will have all the shopkeepers and the merchants and the professional people on their side, and at first they

will have the soldiers. It will be the working man against the world. It will be a great and terrible struggle. There can be no Revolution—it isn't in the nature of things—without fighting and rivers of blood. Come over to us, you two. I don't care which of you is my sister; you may both call yourselves Polly if you like, and I'll stand by you both. But leave Claude and leave your friends and come over to us.'

'How shall we live if we do?' asked Valentine.

'We will find something for you. Not button-holes to sew, like Melenda's work, but something that a decent girl can do. You've been educated, I suppose, in your finicking way. You know something besides looking pretty and putting on fine clothes. Perhaps it's not too late for Board School teaching if you're clever enough. You are the one for school work'—he indicated Valentine; 'you wouldn't be afraid, and you are strong. As for you—'

'What could I do?' asked Violet.

'I don't know. You don't look fit for much. Well, every girl can sew if you come to the worst. But there; you've heard what is coming—the greatest Revolution that the world has ever seen, and the People to the front with a rush. When that rush begins—'

'A good many will be carried off their legs,' said Claude.

Sam made no reply. He had worked himself up to the red-hot pitch and was now cooling down. He was a little ashamed too, because Claude remained unmoved. As for the girls, he had certainly succeeded in animating one with his dream of the people, and frightening the other by his vehemence. But he cared nothing for that—anybody can work upon the emotions of women. But Claude, who ought to have argued with him or confessed himself conquered, listened without the least sign of being moved. Yet he listened with attention, as if he had not heard it all a dozen times before. He could not complain that he had not heard the Socialist's arguments.

Sam went away. The courts of the Temple were deserted. He thought of the coming Millennium, when there should be no lawyers at all, but Justice should be free. As these courts were on that Sunday morning, so should they be every morning, in the glorious future of the Socialist, empty and untrodden, except by the feet of the children playing in their gardens. No more lawyers! He had no personal experience of lawyers, but yet his heart glowed within him at the prospect of their suppression. He

passed under the cloisters beside the old church. Through the open doors he heard the rolling of the organ and the sweet pure voice of a boy who was singing a solo part in an anthem of prayer and praise. The very sweetness of the music irritated him, but he consoled himself with the thought that religion would shortly be entirely abolished, and that the sensitive ears of such thinkers as himself should no longer be annoyed with the singing of hymns. The Templars' church would be as empty and as deserted as the chambers and courts without. He passed into Fleet Street. All the shops were closed. Why, so it should be every morning and all the year round as soon as his friends were in power. Not a single shop should be left. No more trade, no more masters, no more buying and selling for profit. So, well satisfied with the prospect, Sam went his way.

In the evening there was to be a great social gathering of a certain branch of the Democratic Federation Union, at which some of the members were going to perform a play, and others were to sing and recite, and he himself was to address the meeting. It was going to be an occasion of some importance, and Sam was only sorry that he had not invited the two girls to be present. The evening would have opened their eyes. And though Sam professed to despise women, and was in no hurry to hamper himself by marriage, he did very well understand that the adhesion of two such pretty and well-dressed girls to the Cause, which is at present sadly to seek in the matter of young ladies, would greatly stimulate waverers and bring enthusiasm into the ranks. There is no leader in the world like a girl, if one can be found capable and courageous; but such a girl is rare.

'You have heard Sam's creed,' said Claude; 'he believes it, every word.'

'After all,' said Violet, 'I can sew. Girls can do so much.'

'And I,' said Valentine, 'can teach after my finicking education. But, Claude, a world with no poverty and no suffering——'

'Come,' said Violet, 'you must not even talk of it, Val dear, or we shall have you going over to the Socialists. Let us remain with our natural enemies, and eat and drink as much as we possibly can before we are drowned in Sam's rivers of blood. Claude, you will come to luncheon with us, won't you?' She heaved a deep sigh, which expressed some hidden emotion. 'We have now seen Sam. He lives a long way off, does he not? We shall see him again, perhaps, when he is President of the Socialist Republic and chopping off everybody's head with tremendous energy.'

*(To be continued.)*

## *Because We Forget.*

I HAD a friend, who has gone where many friends have had to go too, James Thomas Fields, the bright and genial editor and author of *Boston, U.S.A.*, who in a charming little essay makes mention of a certain Chinese poet and philosopher, who bore the name of Oo Long, and who put on record the assertion that it is a good thing for every man, sooner or later, to get back again to his own tea-cup. Then Mr. Fields, having so got back, expresses his feelings. He had recently been in mid-ocean: he was now mid tea-cups. And he found it a great and a pleasant change.

Like that kindly writer, I have come back: after certain days' absence amid scenes very strange to a quiet and untravelled soul. For the rolling country, once untrodden moorland, spread all the day under a thick pall of smoke; and after dark the whole region poured forth lurid and awful flames. The shrill railway-whistle and the heavy rumble of wheels never ceased at all. There, one felt a different person: all life seemed strange: and if one had been kept there, all the life here would have vanished. But now I am back amid the old familiar faces. You know, friendly reader, how vividly you recognise them: how you cannot feel you have ever been away from them. Mid-ocean, or the Black Country, has turned indistinct, unrealisable, has vanished like a dream. Yet you know, too, that if you had stayed away from them, you never would have recalled a hundred things you recognise. You know them, ever so well, when they have presented themselves before you. But, if they had never done so, they would have been gone from you for evermore.

You are also aware that amid certain outward surroundings, a peculiar fashion of thinking and feeling possesses you, which is unknown elsewhere.

I wonder whether, when I finally go, I shall remember this room in which I write: all the things which through these many years have kept their places upon this table: and the face of such a page as this, gradually darkening. I should recognise

them, if I came back: they are like part of one's self. But will they be remembered, elsewhere?

But this is a line of thought which must not be encouraged: let us look elsewhere. Yet I fancy Miss Rossetti has touched a chord familiar to many, in her well-known *Haply I may remember, And haply may forget*.

You would not believe how little some people have to live upon, and manage to live upon.

I do not speak of the small income in money, or the plain living which may go with high thinking: very simple and homely things being the necessities of life in the way of food and clothing, and of environment. I speak of the sustenance of spiritual capacities, tastes and longings: of the nourishment of the strange life within of which nobody but one's self has at certain stages of life the smallest suspicion that it exists; yet which keeps us going forward, keeps us from breaking down.

I knew a man who from earliest youth had a love for Gothic art which was as unaccountable as it was intense. He lived among those who neither knew nor cared anything about such matters, and in a region where Gothic art could not be seen; if ever there had been any, it had been blotted out ages before. He told me that for years all he had to live upon as concerning this inner life, was one little bit of carved black oak: it was an inkstand. It was the solitary thing in the house in which he lived in which he could feel the smallest interest. In after years, moreover, he came to know that as a piece of work it was very bad. Yet it was pathetic to hear him tell how as a boy he used to sit and look at it: and it brought up the tabernacle-work of Winchester Cathedral: the oaken gloom and glory were clearly present, a little paler than the fact. The days came in which he might have been satiated with mediæval art, had satiety been possible for him. But he lived upon that vulgar bit of inferior carving, when surrounded by those who had they known how he was making believe within himself would have esteemed him as a born idiot. Of course he never told them. And had he not felt extremely assured of sympathy, he would not have told me.

He told me, too, how when he went to church (it was in Scotland) each Sunday morning to a hideous flat-roofed meeting-house (it was esteemed a very fine church by many who worshipped in it), he pictured to himself all the way a fair side-aisle, vaulted in stone: and in fancy took his place on an



oak bench with a great poppy-head while to outward view seated in a vile pew under a vile 'gallery.' The groined ribs were quite apparent overhead; and at the end of a vista through clustered shafts the Northern sunset at its most glorious appeared to look through the tracery of a tall window. All this came regularly as the Sunday came round: and upon this he lived through those bare and savourless years. There can be no question what is the most dismal service ever devised by man. Neither can there be any question where the most shameful structures have been thought good enough for Christian praise and prayer. I have been where praise and prayer were every whit as horrible as the building.

That youth was well aware that he could find no sympathy from those around him: unless from the rare mortal who hardly dared express in a whisper the extremity of his moral mutiny. They were terrible days North of the Tweed, not so many years since, for any man who had any knowledge of church architecture, church music, or hymnology. Once it happened to the writer to go into a church in Edinburgh. It was an oval chamber, with a flat ceiling, with galleries on three sides and a pulpit on the fourth: the raw daylight coming in from house-windows all round, untempered by any influence save that of cotton blinds. Font or communion-table was not at all. Of course, the place was simply distressing to any soul who knew what-like a church might and ought to be. Coming out, by a strong stretch of conscience I said to the incumbent of that dreadful building, that it was a nice church. This was needful in those days: as also when present at a sermon impossible to listen to, to thank the preacher and say it was very interesting. The good man looked on the writer with indignation: and, speaking from the depth of ignorant self-satisfaction, replied, *It is the finest church in this town, or in any town.* It was a serious thing, let me say, in Scotland thirty years since, for a youth in the Kirk to know more than his seniors; or to have a taste in a modest degree cultivated in the matter of church art and church ritual. They would try their utmost to put a spoke in your wheel. Happily, their power by that time was growing extremely small. And when they were removed from their spheres of uselessness, their successors were pretty frequently just the men whom they would have poisoned if they durst. All the same, no more extraordinary irony ever directed the course of preferment in Northern latitudes, than that which named the three last who in succession have held the see of Exeter.



I have a friend who in those days became incumbent of a pretty country parish. In that fair region, not unrenowned in story, every prospect pleases, and only the buildings which man has erected are incredibly vile. You had to make much of a little thing, if the love of art were to survive in you at all, in that age and that country-side. In that young parson's parish, which was a large one, there was one flying buttress. It was a very homely one, wonderfully homely, and it had been set up on purely utilitarian considerations. But yet it was a *bonâ fide* flying buttress. What that was in that young parson's life, none ever knew but himself and one sympathising friend of like tastes. Oftentimes did these two, on a warm July day when the air was sweet beyond words with the blowing clover, sit down together upon the grass, and gaze their fill upon that buttress. When there is but the one in many surrounding miles, the youthful enthusiast who loves alike his Pugin, his Ruskin, his Gilbert Scott, his Street, his Butterfield, his Beckett Denison (you remember the man in the 'Vicar of Wakefield' who said of the newspapers *They hate each other but I love them all*), can get infinite enjoyment out of one small survival of real and good art: out of one flying buttress without a cusp, or a chisel-mark of ornamentation. There are those glowing Goths who if offered the Deanery of Salisbury or Wells (never be they vacated by their present incumbents unless to step up higher), would be disposed to say No: it is too much. Too much for poor humanity. That church is overwhelming. I could not abide under its shadow from year's end to year's end. Who could worthily study it? Who could say he had mastered it? Something beyond comparison less would suffice for me. Think of a man whose artistic nature had lived for years on one flying buttress, being put in charge of Durham, or Lincoln, or Ely, or Lichfield, or Canterbury!

Things are better in the North, a good deal better. But even yet you are made to feel that the *personnel* of the Scotch Kirk is far superior to the architecture. You find a wretched barn, and a cultivated and attractive preacher in it. You had the hideous and soul-debasing Barony Church of Glasgow, and within it you might listen to that true genius Norman Macleod. Guthrie, as true a genius, was never much better housed. The most eloquent orator of the working clergy of the North at this date ministers in a church which is generally regarded as the very ugliest in the world. *Outside of criticism, I don't say beneath it*, was the verdict of a most eminent Anglican Bishop upon the

church in which he had *heard* a Scotch friend. Do not smile, Anglican reader, as at a Scotch provincialism of speech; you may remember that *Audivi Theophrastum* is good classical Latin. In England, then and now, it is just the other way: the buildings in places innumerable are much better than the men. You have a beautiful church, and of course the prayers are unimprovable (though even they may be spoiled by an oratorical reader): but when the sermon comes you have a weak creature feebly giving forth twaddle: you have painfully to listen to material which could interest or influence no human soul. There may be worse. It is a terrible thing somewhere in the Highlands to hear a semi-idiot literate with no apparent forehead inform his congregation (thirteen all told) that they belonged to *the only Church in Scotland*. Not far away a thousand Christian folk (some hundreds of them intellectually miles above the literate) were gathered in the parish kirk. Harder still for such as the literate to ignore, close by a congregation of the ancient unreformed rite was gathered at Mass. Yet this poor creature 'unchurched' them all. Nobody in the region was angry. They minded the literate's teaching just as much as the braying of a small jack-ass. On one Sunday, years ago, being in London, I went to church three times. I should have gone oftener had it been possible. I preserved a record of the preachers of that day. Morning, the Temple Church: Dr. Vaughan: of course extremely good, though I have read sermons of his which were much better. You cannot find even a first-rate preacher always at his best. Afternoon, Westminster Abbey: Dr. Farrar. I will confess that I did not much like his florid eloquence, tricked out with profuse quotations of very middling verse. But there was the multitude listening eagerly: the preacher had done what he intended: he had fixed the attention of a large mixed congregation: and success must be the test of popular oratory. But in the evening I went to a beautiful church, where was beautiful music (too elaborate) and a crowd of people. I did not ask the preacher's name. But in my Record I noted *Preacher, A Fatuous Person*. It was the sorrowful truth.

It is no wonder that souls which have been starved in the respect of mediæval art, or which have maintained a flickering existence by the aid of one flying buttress or the like, are overwhelmed when taken where Gothic buildings abound: even where they abide as ruins. To such, it is a daily astonishment to walk about grey St. Andrews: to study Elgin, or Pluscardine. But

what it is to pervade Oxford, or to drink in the aspect of Lincoln Minster, words cannot tell.

But all this (though the reader may find it difficult to believe it) has been brought to the writer's mind by the reflection, which has been continually present with him for many days, that it is *Because We Forget* that our life is so different from what it would be if we remembered. Likewise, that we forget so much.

I do not mean that, growing old, we forget the names of persons and places: though that is true. I do not mean that when speaking extempore you get into old grooves while fancying you are pioneering a quite new track, because you quite forget you have said all this (possibly more than once or twice) before: though that is true. I do not mean that you tell the same story over to the same person: though that is so, and sympathy warns you never to say to any mortal that he has told you this many times. What I mean is that the Past of our life in those little details which are its vital essence is so forgot: would be recognisable but is never recalled: and that thus so much is taken from the richness and fulness of our life; and so much too, doubtless, from its tragedy and sorrow.

It is because we forget things that we manage to live at all. We get over our trials because the remembrance of them has faded. It is because we forget things that we are so placable as we are; that we forgive offences. A revengeful spirit, I fear, is the outcome of a good memory. The common phrase is *forgive and forget*: it ought to be *forget and forgive*. It is because we forget things that our present life is not infinitely fuller and richer: that we fail to carry with us all the pleasant acquisitions of past years. *The old time comes over me*, said the hero of a forgotten tragedy: wherefore was it not always there? In times of great and depressing trouble all the brightness and pleasantness disappear from our past life: we look back, and we can see nothing but gloom and depression. It is hard, that it is on a bright day we vividly recall bright days gone: we could live without the recollection then: would it but come when most needed!

If we vividly and habitually remembered early privations, disappointments, mortifications, we should break down and die. Even the cheerful Robert Chambers, in the full sunshine of prosperity and success, told me he could not bear to look back on the sordid cares and struggles of some early years. It was suggested to him that pleasant occupation remained to him in the

writing of an autobiography. 'I could not do it: it would be too sad a story:' such was his reply. Dickens tells us that in the blaze of fame and fortune, he sobbed like a child when he visited a frowzy district of London, associated with a certain dismal portion of his boyhood: he was the neglected, half-starved, solitary child again. Of course I do not forget the *Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit*. I knew a terribly-overworked student who had the famous line, fairly written, always displayed on his table in the season when he went to bed at 2 A.M., and rose again (it was the dismal winter) at 6.30 for College at 7.30. The line is true in certain moods of certain minds. But it is true only of labour and hardship which did not include humiliation. It is never true of wrong-doing: never of extreme folly. The remembrance of past foolishness and wrong-doing is never other than keen pain.

If we remembered all the beauty we have seen, in nature and art: all the pleasant hours we have known: the green cloud of great beeches in July, and the blaze of roses: the warm fireside and the precious volumes: bright faces, kind words, cheering appreciation of work done: we should not be beaten down so easily when we get a blow on the head or even on the heart: we should hold up better under the present trouble. You utterly forget, just when it would be priceless to remember it, how cheerful you felt when you had done a stiff task of work to your very best: you do not take in that such modest elation has ever been yours. And when you have utterly run down, and are overwhelmed with the sense of your stupidity and failure, you have not the faintest recollection of the really difficult and trying duties you have got through not without credit. It appears to me at this moment that no man who has been able (been enabled) on occasions without number to stand up before a thousand (or two thousand) fellow-creatures, and speaking to them extemporaneously or even from manuscript to get them thoroughly to listen to him for more than half an hour, ought ever to absolutely lose all confidence in himself. It was the wise and good Sir Arthur Helps who once showed me an extremely depreciatory review of himself. Then, with a sad smile on the beautiful face, he went on, *But when I remember that X and Y like my essays, I feel it is impossible that I should be such a blockhead as that makes me*. But the thing which takes-down a human being who has lived a good while, is not the unfavourable review written by somebody else: it is the condemnatory judgment

passed by himself upon himself and his poor doings. And under that blow, it is impossible to remember anything that cheers. It was Thomas à Kempis who declared at such a time that *he could not remember he had ever done any good at all*. Cheery remembrances come to the cheery, who do not need them. I have seen a friend sitting in a chamber which contained divers conspicuous evidences of his distinguished eminence and success, under a gloom in which all these things were not. I have heard it said to one who spoke of his burdens and cares, *Why, you have been a tremendously successful man*. The only answer was a desolate moan. One felt the gloomy mortal had forgotten many things, from his University days onward. But in that mood, it was vain to remind him of them. He could not remember them as they were in fact.

Something comes to you of a sudden which brings back the past. That departed life revives: the old faces surround you again. It may make you very happy, or very wretched. Life may seem a warm beautiful thing, or a bare cold savourless. You appear in your own sight people who have done your part in life fairly well. Or you appear in your own sight contemptible idiots who ought in mercy to be knocked on the head and put out of the way.

Now and then the idiotic things you have said and done since you were about three years old, a few of them, come back upon you with awful vividness. Coward-like, they attack you just in the days when you are least able to bear or to resist. And you wish you could sink into the earth, or fly to the desert and appear no more. But the ancient preacher of the Border once said to his congregation: 'My friends, I wish to give you the result of my long experience. We all have our ups and our downs. We also all have our downs and our ups.' And one has known those who passed with a provoking rapidity from a state of humiliation to one of exaltation. In a little, some pleasanter remembrance came: something you once did which was kindly approved: some encouraging word said to you by some one not wholly unable to form an opinion and who would not say what he did not think,—as for example Thomas Carlyle: and you vainly thought to yourself that others have got on better in life who in fact deserved no more than you.

One of the worst things about trouble or anxiety is its power to make you incapable of remembering anything in your own little history, which is not dark. In whatever you read even you mark nothing but what is painful.



It would bind many people more together, if they vividly remembered all they have come through in company. If husband and wife be as they should be, they would be united far beyond the union of wedlock by the remembrance of many anxious years: perhaps of a little grave. And if our memory were better, we should be more hopeful when a blow falls: *we have come through worse than this*. We should be more grateful, too, to those around us: I wish we always remembered better what the servants have done for us. One has known kind services which nothing could pay for, quite forgot. I fear this tends to be so with all services. One has witnessed how, when a great preacher's health broke down, all the Sundays past with their eager crowds, their smiles and tears, were quite put away from recollection. In divers vulgar souls the present thought was simply that the disabled orator was a present burden and annoyance. *Anathema sint!*

You have been for long on terms of very close friendship with some man. For many years you have stately met, and in various ways helped one another. You fancy, ignorantly, that you are bound together for ever: for as long as you are both here. It is not always so: the fact is a sorrowful one. Gradually you grow tired of one another. You come to be worried by your friend's little faults. You are estranged. You feel it is better you should part altogether. All this is because you have forgot so much.

When you read in your diary the record of an interesting time, you feel how imperfectly it relates things. Even to yourself who read much between the lines, and feel the old atmosphere gather round you as you read, this is so. But you are aware that to an outsider the diary does not relate the fact at all, nor anything like the fact.

I suppose this is regrettable. Yet, on the other side, you plod about dully content in the latter days because you have mainly forgot the high hopes with which you started. You are quite pleased now with things which once upon a time you would have despised. It is touching, very touching, to see with what things very clever and hard-working men are content. It is saddest, of course, in the latter years. You do not mind so much about the youth, sustained by his flying buttress. For the good time may come to him yet. But the ageing worker has got all he will ever get here.

Yes, on the whole, it is probably better that we remember so



imperfectly. For the vivid remembrance of past troubles: of what you came through, in work, in privation, in disappointment, in starvation of all spiritual senses; would break you down. And the little ways are forgot: incident, with its unutterable pathos. The way you placed your candles to read with in days without gaslight: the way you turned your solitary chair to your fire: the fashion in which as an over-worked student you arranged your materials for writing: these little things which make the sum of one's real life, the habitude of being: all are gone out for evermore. And like Wordsworth's day which has been left thirty years behind, recalled by some caprice of memory, these things will touch the fount of tears.

There are those who deride and condemn other people's little ways. I hold such touching and sacred. Who was it that judged a man a fool because he said he had written a volume with one pen? The author was foolish, indeed, in that he told he had done so to the wrong man. For the right man would have been drawn to him by the simple confidence.

You go back to your native place, for long rarely seen. The present writer has beheld the home of his boyhood just once in thirty years. It appeared quite different from other places: and it seemed that life must be quite different there. I am aware that this is my last illusion. But, going back, you remember all the houses, and the people who were in them long ago; and the odd social distinctions. All these long-forgotten things rise up again. There is much more in your memory than you fancy. You would not have believed that under the pressure of the latter years you were still latently remembering the immemorial squabbles of a departed generation.

Sometimes, less comes back than you looked for. You go back to the church where you worshipped for years: you expect a warm flood of remembrances to come over you. In fact it does not. You go back to the house where you were born. Somebody says to the stranger there, *This is A: he knew this house long ago: he would like to see it.* You go into the room which was your nursery, or your father's little study, or where at Christmas time the household met, now scattered wide. Simply, you cannot feel that the place is the same. You come away, knowing in yourself that the chambers of old remembrance are no longer in this world. They are departed, with those departed days. It is a dazed, blank, disappointed feeling.

And yet, infinity of little kindnesses to your little boy, each

quite forgot, or one in a thousand remembered, will leave with him the abiding general remembrance of a kindly-nurtured boyhood, when he is a man far away. You will never miss a chance of laying the foundation of such a remembrance. It will vanquish the estranging years.

The writer has no business to talk of himself on this page. Yet, in a line, he may say that his first contribution to this magazine (he never can think it anything but the same) was published in February 1856. It was the beginning of a kindly and pleasant relation of thirty years. That it has held on so long may be taken as proof that to the writer at least it has been ever kindly and pleasant. And as he began when young, it is possible that it may go on for thirty years more.

A. K. H. B.

## *A Country Village in the Beginning of the Eighteenth Century.*

ABOUT four miles from Maidenhead Station, on the Great Western Railway, there lies a little village, so retired that even a traveller on the road hard by might pass it unnoticed, unless his eye caught the top of a tapering spire just rising above the large forest trees by which it is surrounded. But for that spire he would certainly suppose that no parish could intervene between the two Walthams—White Waltham on the east, and Waltham St. Lawrence on the west. But to students of the history of England during the period of the later Stuarts, the name of Shottesbrook<sup>1</sup> will be much more familiar than that of its neighbour on either side. For Shottesbrook has much historical interest in connection with that exciting time when men were divided in opinion as to who should hold the sceptre of this mighty kingdom; when wire-drawn distinctions were made between kings *de jure* and kings *de facto*; when some were Jacobites and some were Williamites; some supporters of a king in possession, some of a king over the water; some advocates of a divine, hereditary right, others of a Parliamentary title. It is difficult for us to realise now this state of affairs; for, whatever our politics may be, we are pretty well agreed upon one point—that the throne of our gracious Queen is firmly established, and that any dispute about that must be relegated to a very ‘dim and distant future’ indeed. The little village of Shottesbrook, with its population of hardly more than a hundred, represents in miniature these disputes. The preponderance of opinion at Shottesbrook was decidedly in favour of the king over the water; and I am inclined to think that this was the case in most country districts. Only it was of no use to quarrel with the master of twenty legions, so men sulkily acquiesced in what it would have been fruitless to attempt to resist. The general state of feeling was wittily summed up in these once-familiar lines:

<sup>1</sup> In the time of the Stuarts it was always spelt Shottesbrooke, but the ‘e’ is now dropped.

God bless the King, our holy faith's defender ;  
 God bless the King, and drive out the Pretender.  
 Which the Pretender is, and which the King,  
 God bless my soul, that's quite another thing !

The lines were written a few years later, when George I. was on the throne, but they are at least as applicable to the time we are speaking of, when William III. was reigning. The reason why Shottesbrook comes prominently forward in this connection is because the lord of the manor and owner of all the land was a staunch Jacobite, and a kind and sumptuous entertainer of all distressed Jacobites who sought the shelter of his ample and hospitable roof. But before we speak of the inhabitants, let us cast a glance upon the place itself, which is obviously but little altered since the beginning of the last century. In the midst of a lovely park, full of noble forest trees, lie the church and Hall of Shottesbrook. There is no village worth speaking of ; only the gardener's house, and at a little distance the Manor farm. What village there is is blended with Waltham. The Hall is a fine Elizabethan structure ; the church belongs to the fourteenth century. It is cruciform—a real Greek cross, with nave, transepts, and chancel apparently (I did not measure them) of the same length. The singularly graceful spire, 140 feet in height from the ground, is in the centre. The body of the church is built of flint, and is a fine piece of masonry. The structure inside is singularly interesting—the joy of architects and antiquaries. It is full of brasses still intact, and in the north transept is a canopied tomb of the founder ; or, rather, two tombs, one of the founder, the other of his wife. It must strike the stranger as a difficulty why such a church was built in such a place. The two neighbouring villages—White Waltham and Waltham St. Lawrence—have each its church. Why build this church in the wilderness—or rather in the forest-garden, for it is anything but a wilderness, except in point of solitude ? Let us hear what the 'Revelations of Peter Brown'—a modern book, but now out of print—have to tell us of the matter. 'St. John's of Shottesbrooke : a Berkshire Legend,' is the title, and it begins :

Shottesbrooke Church is near Shottesbrooke Hall ;  
 The house rather great and the church rather small.

(The church, by the way, is only small comparatively ; it would certainly hold more than the whole population of Shottesbrook.)

But a gem of a church in its way, all the while ;  
 A cathedral in miniature, Gothic in style,  
 With choir and with transept, with nave and with aisle.

(It has no aisles, by the way.)

And tower and steeple built in the diagonal—  
 The former is square, and the latter octagonal—  
 And tapering and graceful, and wondrously tall,  
 With a weathercock perched on the top of a ball.  
 This church of the Baptist is built in the cruciform,  
 And I'm free to confess that, if I were to choose a form

For my own delectation

And edification,

Severe, and yet graceful, expanded, not loose of form,  
 To rear up a church to some saint, I would use a form

Just the same in its style

As the quaint little pile,

With its calm, holy look,

In that elm-sheltered nook,

The church of the Baptist, Saint John's, Shottesbrooke.

Then the legend goes on to show how 'Sir William de Trussell, a worthy old knight,' the lord of Shottesbrook in the fourteenth century, was addicted to drinking ; how on one occasion he nearly drank himself into his grave ; how by taking 'water drenches and water stupes, water gruel and water soups,' he recovered, to the amazement of all ; how his wife, a pious lady, so 'troubled his conscience and tortured his soul,' that on his recovery

An oath he swore

To his lady fair—

'By the cross on my shield

A church I'll build !

And therefore the deuce a form

Is so fit as the cruciform ;

And the patron saint that I find the aptest

Is that holiest water-saint—John the Baptist.'

Now follows the saddest part of the story. The village blacksmith volunteered to place the vane on the steeple if he might drink the king's health in a pot of beer when he reached the top. He reached the top, drank his beer, lost his balance, fell down headlong, and died uttering the exclamation 'O, O !':

They buried the smith on the spot where he fell,  
 With prayer of priest and toll of bell ;

Over his body they placed a stone,  
 And carved, in memory of his moan,  
 Upon the slab two large round 'O's,'  
 Which the bald-headed sexton shows  
 To any stray peripatetic that's willin  
 To look at the church and to give him a shilling.

They pointed out the slab to me, but I must honestly confess that I could not trace the two round O's. Sir William Trussell has clearly been libelled in this legend. Hearne took a transcript of the original documents respecting the church and college (or religious house) of Shottesbrook, and 'from them,' he says, 'it plainly appears that Sir William Trussell himself was sole founder, without mention of his wife, as joyntly concerned, he being at that time, I believe, unmarried.' There had also been a church, 'tho' far less decent and beautiful,' long before Sir William Trussell's time; so the whole story of the 'water-saint' and Sir William's drinking bout is happily apocryphal. As to the last part of the legend, Hearne's account (which on such a point is manifestly to be trusted) runs thus: 'Tis a common report amongst the inhabitants of the Parish and others thereabouts that 'tis the very stone that was laid over the *Architect's* [not the smith's] grave that built the church and spire in the time of King Edward III. They say (and it is a constant Tradition) having either laid the last stone of the spire, or else fixed the Weathercock, he call'd for some wine or ale on purpose to drink the King's health; which being brought to him, he had no sooner drunk it but he accidentally fell down, was dash'd in pieces, and afterwards buried under the spire with this rough stone over his grave.' He makes no mention of the two round O's, but says: 'Tis a plain free-stone, without any Inscription, or the least memorial to signify to Posterity either who was buried under it, or the misfortune that had befallen the person over whom it was plac'd. In those times they were not so forward and ready to write encomiums upon the dead. They thought Flattery a very great crime (as without doubt it is), and that the plainer sepulchral monuments are so much the more sincere tokens of real sorrow they carry with them.'

If the church is interesting, so is the churchyard. There is a noble old yew-tree, with an enormous bole on the north side of the porch, which is said to be of the same age as the church—that is, upwards of five hundred years old—and under this yew-tree the tomb of a departed rector, Dr. William Vansittart (the family



name of the present owner of Shottesbrook), who is described as having been incumbent during forty years (1807-1847) of White Waltham with Shottesbrook: 'The faithful pastor of an attached flock. In his parochial ministrations, meek, mild and benevolent, in domestic life tender, kind, considerate; in all relations, revered, respected, beloved.' Epitaphs are not to be trusted implicitly; but I believe that in those days, which are supposed to have been the sleepest days of the Church, there were many good clergy, not perhaps so active as in our own busy time, but quietly living and working among their people, and much respected by them; and let us charitably hope that Dr. Vansittart was one of them.

But there are two much more curious epitaphs on two earlier rectors, now affixed to the west wall of the churchyard, removed thither from the church. One is called the epitaph of the sinner, the other the epitaph of the saint. Both are in excellent Latin. Good Latin was much more general in the eighteenth century than it is now. The sinner's epitaph runs: 'Infra depositum quicquid mortale fuit Edmundi Stephen, Hujus Ecclesiæ immeriti pastoris, qui sui gregisque rationem redditurus hinc decessit sexto die Januarii, 1722, ætat. 48.' That is: 'Below is laid all that was mortal of Edmund Stephen, the *unworthy* pastor of this church, who departed hence to give an account of himself and of his flock on the 6th day of January, 1722, aged 48.' The saint's runs: 'Samuel Lindsey, Hujus Ecclesiæ per aliquot annos fidelis rector, obiit anno salutis 1745, ætatis 62.' That is: 'Samuel Lindsey, the *faithful* rector of this church for several years, died in the year of Salvation, 1745, of his age, 62.' I like the sinner's epitaph best.

It is time to pass on from the place to the inhabitants of Shottesbrook at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The first who claims our attention is Mr. Francis Cherry, the lord of the manor, and resident at Shottesbrook Hall. He was an excellent specimen of the English country gentleman—a thorough sportsman, one of the best riders in the county, but not a mere Nimrod. He had received a university education, having been a gentleman commoner of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, and all through his life took a deep and intelligent interest in theology, general literature, the fine arts, and politics. He was an excellent classical scholar, and drew up a chronology of Herodotus, which is said by an unimpeachable authority (Mr. Dodwell) to have been 'done very well,' but it was never published. He was a

virtuoso, and loved to collect rare manuscripts, medals, and coins, a taste which his ample fortune allowed him to indulge. He was fond of having learned men about him, and this, combined with his strong sympathy with the Jacobites, was the reason why Shottesbrook is a name which has emerged from obscurity, for he loved to fill his house with distressed nonjurors, who could not conscientiously take the oaths of allegiance to the new sovereigns, William and Mary, especially those who were noted for learning and piety. For Mr. Cherry was a pious as well as a learned man, strictly honourable and high-minded. That probably is the reason why Shottesbrook, though a nest of Jacobites, was never connected with any of the plots, real or imaginary, to restore James II. or his son to the throne. There is a tradition that Mr. Cherry impaired his fortunes by his extreme hospitality to the nonjurors, but it is only a tradition. Hearne, however, hints something of the sort, and more than hints that his concern for public affairs hastened his end. For in his diary this entry occurs: 'August 11, 1715: Mr. Cherry of Berks (I mean my great friend, Mr. Francis Cherry) died in the forty-eighth year of his age, which was the same age that King Charles I. died in.' Observe, as a curious instance of the enthusiastic royalist feeling that was then very prevalent, how this is recorded, evidently as if it were a sort of honour even to have died at the same age as the royal martyr died in. 'I remember,' Hearne goes on, 'that his (Mr. Cherry's) afflictions had made a strange alteration both in his hair (though he wore a wig), and in his countenance, though before he had been a very brisk, vigorous man. Nor did he show any discontent to the last. But he was in a perfect concern for the good of the nation, and of his family, and 'twas this concern that brought the change' ('Reliquiæ Hearnianæ'). Mr. Cherry possessed the advantage of a singularly handsome and graceful person, and he was so universally popular that he was called 'the idol of Berkshire.' Hearne does not exaggerate the reputation of his patron when he calls him 'a Gentleman of Eminent Virtues and singular Learning, and who has upon account of his great Prudence, Affability, and wonderfull Humanity the good word of all acquainted with him.' And here I must protest against the popular opinion about country gentlemen of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. I do not believe that they were all, or nearly all, the mere ponderous masses of beefsteak that they have been represented. Of course there *were* such; but there were Squire Allworthys as well as Squire Westerns, and Mr. Cherry

was by no means an exceptional instance of the former class—indeed, we shall meet with others even in the small group at Shottesbrook.

Mr. Cherry, however, was not without his strong prejudices, if there be any truth in the following anecdote:—Shottesbrook is only about six miles from Windsor; and then, as now, His or Her Majesty's staghounds frequently met both in Shottesbrook Park itself and in the immediate neighbourhood. Mr. Cherry, as has been said, was a famous horseman, and very fond of hunting; so also was King William III. The two were a sort of rivals as riders, and it is said that Mr. Cherry would risk his life at the most difficult leaps, for the chance that the King (or, as he would have called him, the Usurper) would follow him and break his neck. This truculent feeling is singularly unlike the general amiability of character which is attributed to Mr. Cherry on all hands. But really one can believe almost anything of the animosity which was felt even by men who were full of the milk of human kindness against 'the hook-nosed Dutchman.' They had secret signs among themselves by which they showed their abhorrence of 'the Prince of Orange,' for they would never recognise him as king of England. They would squeeze an orange savagely, with a meaning look at their friends, to show that was the way they would like to treat another Orange's head; they would drink to the health of the little gentleman in black, *i.e.* the mole that built the hill over which William's horse fell, and gave his rider his death-fall. One preacher is said to have had the brutality to take as the text of his sermon upon the death of Queen Mary, 'Go, see to this cursed woman and bury her, for she is a king's daughter.' These little amenities were not all on one side. The mere title of 'Pretender,' which was conferred on James II.'s son (for the warming-pan fable was exploded long before), was surely a libel, and it was no less incorrect than insulting to call him Perkin, as if he were as undoubtedly an impostor as Perkin Warbeck was. Both in words and in caricatures, the Pope, the Pretender, and the Devil were coupled together, as if all three stood on the same level. There is not much to choose between Williamite and Jacobite in point of politeness. The accession of Queen Anne somewhat allayed this bitterness; but it naturally did not satisfy a thoroughpaced Jacobite like Mr. Cherry. The brother, he would think, not the sister, was the lawful occupant of the throne. Anne, while yet only Princess, frequently hunted at Shottesbrook, and being by no means indifferent to a handsome person and

agreeable manners, paid great attention to the well-favoured and well-bred squire when she met him in the hunting-field, and he, of course, accepted it respectfully; but when the Princess became queen he pointedly avoided her, and it is said that the Queen, instead of resenting this, pointed him out to her attendants and said: 'There goes one of the honestest gentlemen in my dominions.'

From the squire let us pass to the opposite end of the social scale. Thomas Hearne was the son of the parish clerk of White Waltham, just outside the palings of Shottesbrook Park. He showed such remarkable aptitude for learning that Mr. Cherry determined to have him taught Latin, and sent him to the Free School of Bray for that purpose. Here he made such rapid progress that Mr. Cherry, on the advice of Mr. Dodwell (of whom I shall speak presently), decided to receive him into his own house and educate him himself, with the help of Mr. Dodwell, for the University. In due time he was sent, at the sole expense of Mr. Cherry, to St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford. Surely this is a pretty picture of a rich country gentleman, not only paying for but actually taking upon himself the education of a poor village lad. I fancy such instances were more frequent in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than they are now. One frequently reads of so-and-so being 'bred a scholar on account of the aptness of his parts' through the bounty of such-and-such a gentleman. It is a pity the fashion has gone out. Shottesbrook Park was Thomas Hearne's home all through his undergraduate career; and when, having declined the offer of the rector of Shottesbrook to procure him a post under Dr. Bray as missionary in Maryland, he finally settled for the rest of his life at Oxford as sub-librarian of the Bodleian, he still continued in constant communication with Shottesbrook until Mr. Cherry's death. He amply repaid Mr. Cherry's kindness by embalming his memory in his most interesting *Diary* (or '*Collections*,' as he preferred to call it), which is now being published, more or less in full, by the New Oxford Historical Society. That delightful work, '*Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*,' published by Dr. Bliss some years ago, is only a very infinitesimal, though exceedingly well-chosen, extract from the voluminous '*Collections*.' Hearne's fame as an antiquary, historical student, and classical scholar casts a reflected glory upon the little village where he was brought up. But it is as a diarist that he is now, and still more will be when the rest of his '*Collections*' are given to the world, chiefly known. The diaries are mainly concerned

with literary and antiquarian matters, but they give us incidentally most amusing and interesting pictures of contemporary life and manners. Only it should be remembered that his views are so tintured with partisanship that his estimate of character must always be taken with the proverbial grain of salt. In the Hearnian language 'an honest man' and a 'Jacobite' are synonymous terms, and the most that he will admit of one who took an opposite view is that 'he was pretty honest considering that he was a complier.' When George I. succeeded Queen Anne, Hearne was more bitter than ever. He writes on—'May 28th, 1715. This being the Duke of Brunswick, commonly called King George's, birthday, some of the bells were jangled in Oxford, by the care of some of the Whiggish fanatical crew; but as I did not observe the day in the least myself, so it was little taken notice of (unless by way of ridicule) by other honest people, who are for King James 3, who is the undoubted king of these kingdoms, and 'tis heartily wished by them that he may be restored.' Still more amusing are his comments upon the great musical composer, Mr. Handel. Music in this case did not tend to produce harmony. Handel was a German by birth, and therefore there was a strong party against him. A certain Mr. Bononcini was set up as a rival, and their rivalry is thus described by John Byrom, the Lancashire poet:

Some say compared to Bononcini  
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;  
Others aver that he to Handel  
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.  
Strange that such difference should be  
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!

'Handel,' writes Hearne, 'and his lousy crew—a great number of foreign fiddlers—have been here. His book (not worth 1*d.*) he sells for 1*s.*'

Hearne's chief hero is another resident of Shottesbrook, Mr. H. Dodwell. References to 'the Great Mr. Dodwell' (with a capital G) are incessant in the diaries. When a difficulty occurs we frequently have, '*Quære*, ask Mr. Dodwell.' He was 'the greatest scholar in Europe; but, what exceeds that, his piety and sanctity was beyond compare.' 'One of the greatest, and yet one of the humblest, men that the last age hath bred, the celebrated Mr. Henry Dodwell: a name that will always be mentioned with respect as long as there is any due regard for religion, virtue, and



learning.' There is, of course, a little pardonable exaggeration in Hearne's estimate of his great friend and benefactor; for, as we have seen, Dodwell got him installed at Shottesbrook, and helped to educate him; but Henry Dodwell was unquestionably a great and very good man. He was an Irishman by birth, and became a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin—then, as now, a difficult honour to attain. He lost his Fellowship, as he declined to take holy orders, for this noble reason: he thought he could be a more effective champion of religion as a layman, above any suspicion of being interested in its defence, than he could be as a clergyman; and a layman he continued to be, all his life. He came over to England and settled at Oxford, and was made Camden Professor of Ancient History in that University, 'he being,' says Hearne, 'then absent, and altogether a stranger to the design. The University pitched upon him without any previous interest whatever, purely out of regard to his merit.' But, having conscientious scruples about taking the oaths of allegiance to William and Mary, he, of course, lost his professorship. He retired first to a little cell in the north suburb of Oxford, and then to the beautiful little village of Cookham on the banks of the Thames, about three miles from Maidenhead, in a different direction from Shottesbrook. But he used daily to walk into Maidenhead to hear the news and to learn what new books were being published, and Mr. Cherry used to walk in from Shottesbrook on the same errands. So the two gentlemen frequently met, and, being men of kindred spirit, fraternised. They enjoyed one another's society so much that Mr. Cherry persuaded his friend to leave Cookham and come and live at Shottesbrook in a house near his own; and at Shottesbrook Mr. Dodwell resided nearly twenty years, till his death in 1711. Like many great scholars, Mr. Dodwell was rather an eccentric man—very careless about his dress and his health, and, to the dismay sometimes of his friends, fond of broaching in print strange theories, backed up with enormous learning; but a more pure, guileless, humble-minded, unselfish Christian never lived. For multifarious and profound learning—as scholar, theologian, historian, and antiquary—he had few equals. His writings, like himself, were too eccentric to become standard works; but they are a perfect mine of information on all sorts of subjects. His style is pure and luminous, and his arguments most logical and profound. Like many great men, he was little in stature, and one might say of him with more truth than Goldsmith said of his village school-master—



And still the wonder grew  
How one small head could carry all he knew.

The rector of Shottesbrook was a very prominent man during the period of our survey. He was non-resident, but was brought into close, and often painful, connection with its principal inhabitants. Dr. White Kennett was a very able and voluminous writer, and his History of England, though one-sided, is still valued by historical students. He was presented to the living of Shottesbrook by Mr. William Cherry, the father of our Mr. Francis Cherry who was his pupil at St. Edmund Hall, and he writes to an Oxford friend most hopefully about his prospects there. 'The church,' he says, 'is good, the Parish small, the Patron resident, and the country mighty pleasant.' But, alas! these bright prospects were soon clouded over. We soon have another letter (his letters have never been published, but I have seen them in MS. in the British Museum) complaining that, in spite of all his efforts, and they appear to have been very laudable, matters did not go on comfortably at Shottesbrook. It was hardly likely that they should. Mr. Francis Cherry had recommended him to his father for the living, as one who sympathised more or less with his views; and so perhaps he did: for, though he was of course obliged to comply with the new Government in order to become rector, he was, like thousands, both of laity and clergy, a Jacobite at heart. But he changed his opinions, as every man has a right to do; only it was unfortunate that the rector of Shottesbrook, of all men in the world, should become a warm partisan of the cause of which all his principal parishioners were equally warm opponents. Our old friend Hearne is perpetually girding at the Doctor. He gives a sort of jaundiced biography of him. 'White Kennett, son of Basil Kennett, a Kentish Divine, was enter'd of Edm. Hall, and sometimes waited on Dr. Wallis to church with his skarlett [*i.e.* his scarlet Doctor's gown, which Heads of Houses have to wear at the University sermon], and w<sup>t</sup> other offices of a menial serv<sup>t</sup> he might do for him I cannot tell (Quære). When Bach. of Arts (I think) he translated Pliny's Panegyrick, to w<sup>ch</sup> he prefixed a high-flown Preface agreeable to y<sup>e</sup> loyalty of y<sup>t</sup> time. When Master of Arts he was preferred to Amersden by S<sup>r</sup> W<sup>m</sup> Glyn, who patroniz'd the said first Performance of his. He became Vice-Principal of Edm. Hall, and all y<sup>e</sup> while he continued there pass'd for a High-Churchman: Otherwise he had not had y<sup>e</sup> Rectory of Shottesbrooke in Berks conferred on him by M<sup>r</sup> Cherry.' Then he goes on in the same vein to describe his change

of opinions, and concludes : 'He makes y<sup>e</sup> world believe y<sup>t</sup> he will doe great matters in y<sup>e</sup> Antient Church History of England ; but w<sup>t</sup>soever he knows of these matters is onely y<sup>e</sup> Gleanings of Dr. Hutton. His history is full of Whiggism, Trifling, Grubstreet Matter, and base Reflections out of his Way ;' it is 'done w<sup>th</sup> D<sup>r</sup> Kennett's usual unaccuracy, Pride, Injudiciousness, and Knavery.' 'M<sup>r</sup> Cherry of Shottesbrooke is much dissatisfi'd w<sup>th</sup> him, but being a man who has a great Respect for y<sup>e</sup> Clergy, and being very cautious of disoblighing any one of them (of whatsoever Persuasion) he always appears extraordinarily kind to him, and tho' he hates his Principles, yet he takes care to reverence his Person.' Others shared Hearne's animosity to Dr. Kennett. He was regarded as a traitor to the cause, and this feeling was shown in a most offensive way. A pulpit was erected in White-chapel parish church, with figures of the Twelve Apostles carved upon it. Judas Iscariot was represented exactly like Dr. Kennett, sitting in an elbow-chair, and, to make the likeness more complete, was actually pourtrayed with a black velvet patch over his eye, such as Dr. Kennett always wore, owing to an accident he met with in his youth. The Bishop of London very properly insisted upon the odious caricature being removed. But there is another side to Dr. Kennett's character : he was not only a very able, well-read man, and a most industrious writer, but he was also a very amiable, kind, and liberal-minded man. Nothing could show this more closely than the fact that he entertained in his rectory at Amersden the learned Dr. Hickes, the nonjuring Dean of Worcester, and that the two agreed to differ, and to meet on the common ground of literature. Dr. Kennett was also one of the earliest and most vigorous and successful advocates of Christian missions, taking a leading part in the establishment of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and working amicably in that noble undertaking with men of widely different views. He rose to be first a dean, and then a bishop, and perhaps lived to smile at the troubles he had met with at Shottesbrook.

The nonjurors, as a rule, did not worship at their parish churches, because they could not conscientiously join in the prayers for those whom they did not consider their rightful sovereigns. Perhaps it was as well that they did not ; for when they did, they were wont to rise from their hassocks, or be seized with a troublesome cough, when the obnoxious prayers began, which must have been embarrassing to the clergyman, and not very edifying to the congregation. But they had services in

their own houses, and a nonjuring clergyman to perform them. There was such a clergyman at Shottesbrook Park, maintained at the joint cost of Mr. Cherry and Mr. Dodwell. His name was Mr. Francis Brokesby, and before the Revolution he held a valuable living near Hull; this he resigned because he could not take the oaths to William and Mary, and thus made a large sacrifice for conscience sake. But his lines fell in pleasant places when he became chaplain at Shottesbrook. Two more delightful patrons than Mr. Cherry and Mr. Dodwell one can scarcely conceive; and all three lived in the utmost harmony. He was a great friend of Robert Nelson, which in itself speaks volumes in his praise, and took the deepest interest both in Nelson's benevolent and in his literary works. 'Silver and gold,' he writes to Nelson, about the former, 'have I none; but what I have give I unto thee, my hearty prayers.' As to the latter, his friends have actually claimed for him the authorship of the 'Festivals and Fasts.' That is, of course, absurd; but there is no reason to doubt that he and Nelson had many consultations about literary matters. Immediately after Mr. Dodwell's death, Mr. Brokesby wrote his life. Hearne speaks very contemptuously of this work:—'Nov. 30, 1714. Mr. Brokesby, who writ a book that he called Mr. Dodwell's Life, dyed suddenly about a week before said work came out. This gentleman was a learned and honest man, and a general scholar, but not fit to write the life of that great man. It bears a very mean character, he having had very little information, and his remarks being generally very light and trivial.' The criticism is not unjust, but the work gives a very favourable idea of the writer's simple-hearted piety. Two residents at Shottesbrook, 'Madam Cherry,' as Hearne always terms her with the deepest respect, the squire's wife, and Thomas Cherry, his kinsman, and Hearne's chamber-fellow or 'chum' at St. Edmund Hall, and his 'very dear friend, a gentleman of great beauty, singular modesty, of wonderfull good nature and most excellent principles,' who died at the early age of twenty-three, are too shadowy beings to require notice.

But besides the residents at Shottesbrook Park there was a constant stream of distinguished visitors. The deprived Bishop Ken, writer of what are emphatically *the* Morning and Evening Hymns, is said to have 'divided his time between Longleat and Shottesbrook.' But this is putting it too strongly; he was a resident at Longleat, only a visitor at Shottesbrook. Robert Nelson, one of a happily numerous class in England, the class of

Christian and philanthropic laymen, was a constant visitor, and an intimate and honoured friend of all the group. Charles Leslie, the able writer of the 'Short Methods' against Deists and Jews, and many other exceedingly powerful works, was another of the guests at Shottesbrook Park. In short, it would be difficult to find a country place where so many men, noted for their learning and piety, could be found in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The utmost harmony seems to have prevailed among them. The one rift in the lute was their temporary inability to worship in their parish church. Happily this one note of discord was removed when Bishop Ken waived his rights, on the death of the only other survivor of the deprived bishops. Then Mr. Cherry, Mr. Dodwell, Mr. Nelson, and Mr. Brokesby once more became worshippers at the national altars, and the bells of Shottesbrook rang merrily to welcome their return.

The rich halo of romance which surrounds Jacobitism has naturally made it a favourite subject for the minstrel and the novelist. Most people know something of the Jacobite songs, such as 'The White Cockade,' 'Over the Water to Charlie,' 'Charlie is my Darling,' and that most touching one of all, 'Prince Charlie's Lament;' and the two greatest novelists of our century, Thackeray, in that wonderfully powerful work, 'Esmond,' and Sir Walter Scott, in 'Rob Roy,' have depicted the fascination which the cause exercised. Shottesbrook transports us from the airy dreamland of romance and poetry to the solid ground of history; and if it does not present us to such fascinating Jacobites as Di Vernon and Beatrix Esmond, it shows us some able and honourable men who, without in the least sympathising with those Romanist views which cost their master his throne, clung to him with desperate tenacity through evil report and good report. We may admire their constancy, even if we cannot share their sentiments.

P.S.—I am indebted to Mrs. and Miss Sharp, of the Cottage, White Waltham, for much local information; and to both those ladies, and also to the present Rector of Shottesbrook, for kindly looking over this article before it went to press.

J. H. OVERTON.

## *Two Christmas Eves.*

### I.

THE white snow veils the earth's brown face,  
 Strong frost has bound the veil in place—  
 Under the wide, clear, dark-blue sky  
 All choked with snow the hollows lie,  
 Dead-white the fields—once summer sweet—  
 And woodlands where we used to meet:  
 We don't meet now, we never part.  
 Ever together, heart to heart,  
 We've worked, lost often, seldom won,  
 Seen pleasures ended, pains begun,  
 Have done our best, and faced, we two,  
 Almost the worst that Fate could do—  
 Yet not Fate's uttermost of ill,  
 Since here we are—together still!

For me you left, my dearest, best,  
 Your girlhood's safe warm sheltered nest;  
 For me gave up all else that could  
 Have made your woman-life seem good.  
 You thought a man's whole heart was worth  
 Just all the other wealth of earth;  
 I thought my painter's brush would be  
 A magic wand for you and me!  
 What dreams we had of fame and gold,  
 Of Art—that never could withhold  
 From me, who loved her so, full powers  
 To make my love for her serve ours,  
 To shape and build a palace fair  
 Of radiant hours, and place you there!  
 Art turned away her face from us,  
 And all the dreaming's ended thus!

## TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

Our garret's cold ; the wind is keen,  
 And cuts these rotten boards between.  
 There is no lock upon the door,  
 No carpet on the uneven floor,  
 No curtain to the window where  
 Through frost-blanch'd panes the moon's cold stare  
 Fronts us. She's careless—used to see  
 This world of ours, and misery !  
 Why, how you shiver ! Oh, my sweet,  
 How cold your hands are, and your feet !  
 How hot this face of yours I kiss !  
 How could our love have led to this ?  
 What devil is there over all  
 That lets such things as this befall ?  
 It was not want of striving. Love,  
 Bear witness for me how I strove,  
 Worked till I grew quite sick and faint,  
 Worked till I could not see to paint  
 Because my eyes were sore and wet,  
 Yet never sold one picture yet.  
 We would have worked—yes, there's the sting—  
 We would have worked at anything !  
 Our hands asked work. There's work somewhere,  
 That makes it all more hard to bear ;  
 Yet we could never understand  
 Where is the work that asks our hand !

There's no more firing, and the cold  
 Is biting through your shawl's thin fold,  
 And both the blankets have been sold.  
 Nestle beside me, in my arm,  
 And let me try to keep you warm.  
 We pawned the table and the bed,  
 To get our last week's fire and bread.  
 And now the last crust's eaten. Well,  
 There's nothing left to pawn or sell !  
 Our rent is due on Monday, too.  
 How can we pay it—I and you ?  
 What shall we do ? What shall we do ?  
 And we are—what was that you said ?  
 You are so tired ? Your dearest head



Is burning hot, and aching so?  
Ah, yes! I know it is—I know!  
You're tired and weak and faint and ill,  
And fevers burn and shiverings chill  
This world of mine I'm holding here.  
If I could suffer only, dear—  
But all the burdens on you fall,  
And I sit here, and bear it all!  
And other men and other wives,  
Who never worked in all their lives—  
No; nor yet loved as we have, sweet—  
Are wrapped in furs, warm hands and feet,  
And feast to-night in homes made bright  
With blazing logs and candle-light;  
Not dark like this, where we two sit,  
Who chose to work, and starve for it!

Don't go to sleep; you mustn't sleep  
Here on the frozen floor! Yes, creep  
Closer to me. Oh, if I knew  
What is this something left to do!

Listen to me! It's Christmas Eve,  
When hearts grow warmer, I believe,  
And friends forget and friends forgive.  
What if we stifled down my pride,  
And put your bitter thoughts aside,  
And asked your father's help once more?  
True, when we asked for it before,  
He turned and cursed us both, and swore  
That he disowned you. You and I  
Had made our bed, and there must lie!  
That he would help us not one whit,  
Though we should die for want of it.  
Now I shall ask his help again.  
It's colder now than it was then;  
The cold creeps closer to life's core—  
Death's nearer to us than before;  
And when your father sees how near  
He may relent, and save you, dear.  
For my sake, love! I am too weak  
To bear your tears upon my cheek,

## TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

Your sobs against my heart, to bear  
 Those eyes of yours, and their despair!  
 Not faltering, my own pain I bore—  
 I cannot bear yours any more!  
 Stand up. You're stiff? That will not last!  
 The stairs are dark? They'll soon be passed!  
 You're tired? My sweet, I know you are;  
 But try to walk—it isn't far.  
 Oh! that the Christ they say was born  
 On that dream-distant Christmas morn  
 May hear and help us now! Be strong!  
 Yes, lean on me. Perhaps ere long,  
 All this, gone by, will only seem  
 A half-remembered evil dream.  
 Come; I will help you walk. We'll try  
 Just this last venture, you and I!

## II.

Failed! Back again in the ice-gloom  
 Of our bare, bleak, rat-haunted room!  
 The moon still looks—what does she care  
 To see my moon-flower lying there?  
 My rose, once red and white and fair,  
 Now white and wan, and pinched and thin,  
 Cold, through the coat I've wrapped her in,  
 And shivering, even in her sleep,  
 To hear how wakeful rats can keep.

We dragged our weary, faltering feet  
 Through the bright noisy crowded street,  
 And reached the square where, stern in stone,  
 Her father's town-house sulks alone.  
 Sick, stupid, helpless, wretched, poor,  
 We waited at her father's door.  
 They let us in. Then let us tread  
 Through the warm hall with soft furs spread.  
 Next, 'Name and business.' Oh! exact  
 Were the man's orders how to act,  
 If e'er his master's child should come  
 To cross the threshold of her home!  
 I told our name. The man 'would see  
 If any message was' for me.

We waited there without a word.  
How warm the whole house was ! We heard  
Soft music with soft voices blent,  
And smelt sweet flowers with mingled scent,  
And heard the wine poured out—that chink  
That glass makes as the diners drink—  
The china clatter. We, at least,  
Appreciated that night's feast !

Then someone gave a note to me,  
With insolent smile. I read : *'When she  
Is tired of love and poverty,  
And chooses to return to what  
She left, the duties she forgot,  
And never see again this man,  
And be here as before—she can.'*

We came away : that much is clear ;  
I don't know how we got back here—  
I must have carried her somehow,  
And have been strong enough. And now  
She lies asleep—and I, awake,  
Must do this something for her sake—  
The only possible thing to do,  
Oh, love ! to cut our soul in two,  
And take 'this man' away from you !  
If now I let your father know  
My choice is made, and that I go  
And you are here—oh, love ! oh, wife !  
I break my heart and save your life.  
Doubt what to do ? All doubt's about  
The deeds that are not worth a doubt !  
This deed takes me, and I obey,  
And there is nothing left to say.

Good-bye, dear eyes I cannot see—  
Weep only gently, eyes, for me ;  
Dear lips, I've kissed and kissed again,  
Lose those encircling lines of pain ;  
Dear face, so thin and faded now,  
Win back youth's grace, and light, and glow ;  
Oh hands I hold in mine—oh heart  
That holds mine in it—we must part !

## TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

When you wake up, and find me fled,  
 And find your father here instead,  
 Will you not wonder how my feet  
 Ever could turn from you, my sweet?  
 Ah, no! your heart and mine are one;  
 Our heart will tell you how 'twas done.  
 No more we meet until I've won  
 Enough to dare be happy on;  
 And if I fail—I have known bliss,  
 And bliss has bred an hour like this.  
 I am past Fate's harming—all her power  
 Could mix nought bitterer than this hour.  
 Good-bye—our room—our marriage life!—  
 Oh kiss me through your dreams, my wife!

## III.

I have grown rich! I have found out  
 The thing men break their hearts about!  
 I have dug gold, and gold, and sold  
 My diggings, and reaped in more gold—  
 Sowed that, and reaped again, and played  
 For stakes, and always won, and made  
 More money than we'll ever spend,  
 And have forborne one word to send.  
 It has been easier for her so:  
 To wait one year, and then to know  
 How all is well, and how we two  
 Shall part no more our whole lives through.  
 It had been harder to have heard  
 Some incomplete, imperfect word  
 Of how I prospered, how despaired,  
 How well I strove, how ill I fared,  
 Or strove well and fared well, nor know  
 Each day which way the scale would go;  
 Rejoice, and grieve, and hope, and fear,  
 As I have done throughout the year.  
 The year is over now—the prize  
 Is—all our lives of Paradise!  
 Through all the year her lips and hands  
 Have drawn me on with passion-bands,

Her soul has held my soul, and taught  
The way of storming Fortune's fort.  
My little love, those days of ours,  
Our dear delight, our sacred hours  
Have wrapped me round in all the year;  
And brought the gold and brought me here,  
And brought this hour than all more fair—  
Our triumph-hour! What shall we care  
For all the past's most maddening pain  
When you are in my arms again?

The yellow dust I loved to hold  
Was like your hair's less heavy gold;  
The clear, deep sea, that bore me hence,  
Was like your eyes' gray innocence;  
And not one fair thing could I see  
But somehow seemed yourself to me.  
The very work I had to do  
Easier than rest was, done for you.  
And through my dreams you walked all night  
And filled sleep's byways with delight!  
How I have wondered every day  
How you would look, and what would say  
On that same day! 'Perhaps she paints,  
Thinks of our lessons—prays to saints  
With my name in her prayers—or goes  
Through gardens, heaping rose on rose.  
How I love roses! Or mayhap  
Sits with some work dropped in her lap,  
And dreams and dreams—what could there be  
For her to dream about but me?'

This London—how I hated it  
A year ago! It now seems fit  
Even to be our meeting-place.  
It holds the glory of her face,  
The wonder of her eyes, the grace  
Of lovely lines and curves—in fine,  
The soul of sweetness that is mine!  
I'll seek her at her father's; say  
'I claim my wife. I will repay

## TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

A hundredfold all you have spent  
On keeping me in banishment,  
On keeping her in affluence,  
At her heart's dearest coin's expense !  
That is past now, and I have come  
To take my wife and sweetheart home,  
To show her all my golden store,  
My heart, hers to the very core,  
And never leave her any more !'

But just before that hour supreme,  
Close here our old house is, that dream  
And daylight have been showing me  
The year through. I would like to see  
That room I found so hard to leave,  
So hard to keep, last Christmas Eve.

Faith's easy now ! There is a God  
Who trod the earth we two have trod ;  
He pays me for our pain last year,  
For all these months of longing, fear,  
Doubt and uncertainty—outright,  
By letting me come here to-night,  
And just contrast that dead despair,  
With the Earth-Heaven we two shall share !

Just one look at the old room's door,  
If I can get no chance of more ;  
Yet gold will buy most things—may buy  
The leave to see that room. We'll try !

May I go up ? Just once to see  
The room that sheltered her and me ?—  
My God ! the rapture of to-day  
Has sent me mad ;—you did not say  
*She died the night I went away !*

E. NESBIT.



## *The Decadence of French Cookery.*

WHY is it that whilst music, painting, and sculpture flourish on republican soil, whilst æsthetic and literary tastes are making way among French artisans and peasants, the time-honoured, the sublime, the national art of cookery should be in its decadence in France? Dress still holds its own as a fine art; our French neighbours still surround themselves with elegancies in their homes; the tapestry looms of Beauvais, the porcelain manufactories of Limoges are busy as of old. *Le confort*, a word borrowed from our own language, is largely on the increase. Working folks in France, as elsewhere, live in better houses, wear better clothes, and in a certain sense fare better in the matter of eating and drinking. Nevertheless travellers who remember French ordinaries of twenty or thirty years ago cannot help asking with a sigh, 'Mais où sont les neiges d'autan?' Where are the *déjeuners*, the *dîners* of days gone by?

There was a time when to sit down to a *table d'hôte* formed an interesting episode in existence. The inimitable *bisque* tasted in wayside hostelry; the perfect omelette, made before our eyes by the hostess; the beefsteak *aux fines herbes*, worthy of the immortal Vatel—these things have faded into memories, at least in so far as tourists are concerned.

As will be shown further on, the domestic cuisine throughout France is every whit as good as it used to be. To this subject we shall return later. It is in hotels and restaurants that we find nowadays perpetual disenchantment on the score of cookery; and the reasons, which are manifold, are not hard to discover.

In the first place, the enormous increase in the number of travellers must be taken into account. Where a *chef* had formerly a score of guests to prepare for he has now a hundred. Interesting and instructive would it be to have statistical information on this subject. Will not some Buckle arise to answer the following question? How many English folks out of every thousand crossed the Channel on pleasure in 1850, and how many performed the same journey in 1880?

By a roundabout way we have to bring the decadence of French cookery home to one of the world's benefactors ; I allude to Mr. Thomas Cook, the provider of instruction and pleasure to hundreds of thousands. He and his followers have certainly had a hand in the matter ; also the pietistic folks—in other words, the promoters of pilgrimages. The railway companies must be indirectly held responsible also, seeing that people would certainly not go to Lourdes or Paray-le-Monial from remote parts of France unless cheap return tickets were to be had during the most attractive season of the year.

Every large contingent of tourists necessarily taxes the resources of the cook. Thus it comes about that, what with Messrs. Cook, Gaze, and Co. ; what with the French bishops, who preach up pilgrimages ; what with French imitiveness—our neighbours having borrowed from us not only the idea of the wedding but the holiday tour—the golden days of the epicure in France are vanished for ever.

By way of illustrating the theorem let us take the case of any large town at which English tourists halt on their way to Switzerland or the south, or any town lying on the route to some famous shrine whither people still betake themselves in order to be miraculously cured.

Abundance of the raw material of a first-rate dinner is at hand, fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, fruit, in such plenty as few countries can show ; also a great and ever-increasing variety of those farinaceous food stuffs now so much used in cookery and so largely manufactured in France. The *chef* is skilful and experienced ; his staff is up to their work ; in the matter of appliances he has little or nothing to complain of. What he wants in order to do his work efficiently is time.

The average number of guests is suddenly, or at a short notice, doubled, trebled, quadrupled, and all these scores of famished travellers must be fed at the same hour. Under such circumstances it is quite out of the question to serve a perfectly cooked dinner. The dishes are expeditiously sent to table ; the general hunger is satisfied. The inexperienced traveller finds no fault. There the business ends.

It is firstly, then, enforced expeditiousness that deteriorates French cookery nowadays. A *chef* becomes so accustomed to get through his task with undue haste that at last celerity looks like skill. In some cases, indeed, it may be so—in the making of an omelette, for instance—but in a vast number of culinary pro-

cesses slowness is the very essential of success. This holds good with regard to the cooking of meat. All English cooks are well aware of the fact; hence the incontestable superiority of our national roast beef. In these degenerate days French cooks may be said to warm their meat through; that is all. To all intents and purposes 'rosbif' on the other side of the Channel is served and eaten raw. It would be hardly fair to lay the blame of this falling off entirely on the hotel-keepers. The welcome invasion of Cook's tourists and half a hundred pilgrims does not occur often enough to be properly prepared for—that is to say, without heavy personal loss. Were hotels always full to overflowing a more efficient staff of *employés* could be afforded; as it is such inadequate causes almost suffice to empty them that average expenses have to be reduced to a minimum. Last summer, for instance, a report of cholera at Marseilles was quite enough to stop for some weeks the passage of travellers through Eastern France. Instead of forty English tourists sitting down at a *table d'hôte* at Dijon there would be half a dozen French travelling folk. But the *chef*, the scullions, the chambermaids and porters have to be retained all the same. It comes about, therefore, that in places dependent on a fluctuating patronage, cookery has gone gradually downhill. Many other reasons have to be taken into account. In former days the French were the least travelled people perhaps in the world, but a great change has of late years taken place in this respect. Our neighbours now travel enormously. They do not come to England, nor are they much found in German health resorts, but their own inland spas, the Pyrenees, the South of France and Switzerland, are now overrun with them. And, strange as it may seem, the French—most gastronomic of nations—have done more than any others to ruin restaurant cookery in their own country. The reasons are obvious. French people are gastronomic, but above all things amiable. It is particularly disagreeable to them to have to find fault when on their travels. They shrug their shoulders at a bad dinner and philosophically resign themselves with the thought that at any rate they fare better at home.

French people, if bad colonisers, are, in a certain sense, worse travellers; for, instead of bringing about reformatations by our English habit of persistent grumbling and growling, they go away leaving things as they find them. They are, indeed, accustomed to such a good cuisine in their own houses that they can put up with a bad one occasionally abroad. Others, on the contrary,

notably the Germans, regard the pleasures of the table as one of the inducements to a foreign tour.

Again, it must be taken into consideration that whereas travel was formerly the recreation of the rich it is now that of all but the very poor. The good old days are gone by when the only British travellers in France were aristocratic family parties with their coach and four. Nowadays not only the squire and the parson, but the shopkeeper, the clerk, even the shop assistant gets his run to Chamouni or to Quimper by means of Cook's coupons. Hotel tariffs have to be lowered rather than raised in order to meet the requirements of the new order of travellers, and this in spite of the increased dearness of provisions. Of course many items can be charged for at a high rate, private sitting-rooms and private dinners amongst others. But the ordinary of every day must be uniformly priced; the traveller, therefore, who pays six francs for his room fares the same as he who pays two and a half.

There is no doubt, too, that enforced economy is as much a hindrance to a *chef* as enforced celerity. Firing is now dearer than ever throughout France, and if we have an opportunity of watching hotel kitchens we are astonished to find how short a time the fires are kept burning. French methods of cooking, as a rule, undoubtedly require less time than our own; the number of made dishes that enter into the daily bill of fare can be quickly turned off, and with no disadvantage, but when we come to the all-important matter of roasting it is a wholly different thing. I should like to compare the time accorded a piece of sirloin before the fire in England with that supposed to turn it into 'rosbif' in France. Mutton is heated in the same way, so that people with delicate stomachs are reduced to live on chicken, generally but half cooked too, or *réchauffés* spoiled in hotels by a mixing of incongruous sauces together.

Till I had familiarised myself with the procedure in French kitchens I could only account for the habit of serving raw meat in the prejudice concerning English taste. French people believe that we really do eat our national dish in the condition in which they themselves send it to table. I supposed, therefore, the unpalatable appearance of the meat to be a compliment to the British nation.

But on further acquaintance with the subject I found that in French inns never frequented by my country people things were no better. The heat of the fire is begrudged there as elsewhere,

so that I think we may exempt ourselves of blame so far. Indirectly, perhaps, we have contributed to the decadence of French cookery, but not in the matter of 'rosbif.'

In private houses also, where in other respects we find an admirable cuisine, people eat their meat in the same condition. Here, perhaps, the dearness of fuel must be taken into consideration. Kitchen fires are let out for hours at a time, and only just got up with bellows in order to prepare the breakfast and dinner. The astonishment of French cooks and housekeepers at our own lavish expenditure of fuel, whenever they witness it, must be tremendous. We must remember that the difference between the cost of fuel in France and in England is tremendous too. In some departments the tourist is charged for firing at the rate of twopence a small log, and residents will tell you that the wood is worth that and by no means unduly charged for. I remember being laid up with bronchitis one winter at Nantes, and consuming a good deal of firing. My French hostess assured me that the fuel burned in my room during these eight days would last some families a whole winter. In the matter of firing our 'comfort' is as yet by no means understood.

Besides these obvious causes of the decline of cookery in France are many others that do not leap to the eyes, as our neighbours say. I have now given the positive, material, unanswerable aspects of the case. What may be called the moral view has yet to follow.

Paradoxical as it may sound in the ears of many, there is no doubt that the Republican form of government is that most opposed to materialism. In a condition of society, the basis of which is absolute equality, the minds of the people naturally aspire to those intellectual distinctions from which they are cut off in aristocratic countries like our own. Thus a peasant farmer in France no sooner finds himself in easy circumstances than he bends his whole mind to the social elevation of his children. Instead of sending his son to the nearest restaurant as an apprentice—a *gâte-sauce*, as these youngsters are ironically called—to be trained for the kitchen, he sends him to the city to study for the bar. [What would Lady Verney say to that?] Why indeed should a rich peasant condemn his son to an insignificant—perhaps in his eyes an ignominious—existence, when all the prizes of life lie within his reach? I know a village baker near Dijon who, instead of bringing up his son to kneading bread, has economised money enough to enter him as a law student in Paris. That



baker's son may be deputy, even President of France, if he has the necessary stuff in him.

It comes about, therefore, that as the intellectual horizons of the laborious classes in France widen, the trade of a cook comes to be depreciated. Quite possibly, therefore, the intelligence, and we may add originality, now put into the business of cooking are vastly below those of former years. A youth of good parts and moderate ambition would certainly not hesitate were the choice before him: on the one hand, the career of a cultivated man and a gentleman; on the other, that of a *chef de cuisine*, the highest honour of whom could only be to cook dinners for some dyspeptic millionaire, or may be royal personage. The advocate may earn less than the *chef*, but the two social conditions will not bear comparison.

This is one of the reasons that do not lie on the surface; others that may equally account for the decadence of French cookery occur to all close observers of French life.

If intellectual rather than material horizons now tempt the working classes out of their actual sphere, if the present condition of society in France tends to elevate the ideals of the people generally, it must also be added that social equality, as understood and practised among our neighbours, is altogether adverse to materialism. Take the *régime* now submitted to by all classes during the term of enforced military service. A young volunteer, son of an educated gentleman, himself a promising student at the École des Beaux Arts in Paris, said to me last summer, 'The French soldier becomes entirely indifferent to what he eats.' It naturally follows that, as every Frenchman is a soldier in his turn, and passes through the same Spartan ordeal, his tastes and habits undergo modification. He returns to civil life much less of a Sybarite than when he quitted it. My young friend, for instance, who for the space of twelve months has fared as soldiers do—why they should fare so badly is another matter—would naturally be less difficult about his food for the rest of his life. A good dinner would not be unacceptable to him when happening to come in his way, but he would never merge into the gourmet or voluptuary. It is my opinion that poor Gambetta—'ce vieillard à quarante ans'—had he served his three years as a volunteer, might have been alive to this day. In good time he would have become indifferent to the pleasures of the table, which certainly hastened his end. My young artist may be taken as a type of the average French gentleman turned soldier. His



taste is not vitiated ; he is able to distinguish good food from bad. He is, however, cured of *gourmandise* for the remainder of his days.

And perhaps—may Heaven, however, avert such a calamity!—Frenchwomen are destined to become as indifferent to what they eat as French soldiers.

Hitherto our sisters on the other side of the Manche have been the most accomplished housekeepers in the world. I have known a Frenchman—the model husband of a model wife—come home about an hour before dinner and announce that he had invited half a dozen friends for that evening. The lady only smiled and betook herself to the kitchen. At the appointed hour the guests found a perfect little dinner ; no better one could have been provided had the invitation been issued a week beforehand. Frenchwomen have not only the administrative faculty in the highest degree, but are very fertile in resources, and also adepts in the manual arts. A lady at the head of a well-appointed house goes into every detail of the family bill of fare, and sees that whilst it is appetising and varied there is absolutely no waste. The extravagance of English kitchens, as compared with French ones, is something beyond imagination to conceive.

The question arises—when young Frenchwomen enjoy the intellectual privileges that is the portion of the sex here ; when they have universities to go to, as they soon will have ; when they betake themselves seriously to scientific study, literature, medicine, or politics, what will become of domestic cookery in France ?

I have already mentioned that family dinners are not as yet a succession of disenchantments. In fact, if we want to know what French cookery ought to be we must live among French folks, and not only share their banquets but their meals of every day, fast days included.

The banquets—well, I am afraid I cannot enter into a description of these ; too many pages would be necessary to do justice to such a subject. Let me, however, say something about middle-class cookery generally. Millionaires all the world over fare pretty much alike, but characteristic French cookery must now be sought for in the more modest households supervised by the mistress. In the first place must be noted the leisurely manner with which the dinner is taken in hand. It is to the cook the day's business—the beginning, the middle, and the end. Among ourselves a cook writes letters, reads novels, flirts, gossips, takes her daily airings, and practises her singing in

the long intervals between the preparation of meals. At any rate the dinner is not an event of solemn importance in the eyes of our lady helps presiding over the kitchen. To many, alas! its importance is much underrated, and to get it well over seems the only desideratum. But in French households it is wholly otherwise. A cook does not take all these little distractions by the way. The kitchen is nevertheless far from being a dull or silent place. One and another of the family come and go. Master and mistress chat with the cook over her work; the housemaid brings in her sewing when she has nothing else to do. But the preparation for dinner goes steadily on. There is that corner-stone of French cookery, for instance, the matchless *pot-au-feu*. Too much time cannot be accorded this soup of soups, the source, says Michelet, of French aimiability. 'Why,' asks the great writer, 'is a French workman made straightway happy and cheerful on entering his home? Because there awaits him a dish of hot *pot-au-feu*.' Mechanical methods have, in a great measure, superseded the primitive preparation of this national soup: you can buy ingeniously contrived machines into which the meat and vegetables are popped, and in twelve hours' time the soup is made; it has, as the French say, made itself. But the good old-fashioned plan, as still practised in country houses, is by far the best. Experienced housewives will tell you that any contact with metal is sure to spoil the flavour; it is the earthen pot, well seasoned, on which everything depends.

In this earthen pot, then, the French cook will place only the best and freshest meat, the tenderest and most delicate vegetables; onions and pepper, those stumbling-blocks of the inexperienced English cook, are eschewed altogether, a young leek supplanting the onion in the *pot-au-feu*, at least with dainty feeders. No single flavour should predominate. French cookery is, as it ought to be, strictly democratic. The maxim of a cook is that there shall ever be perfect equality among the subjects. Thus it comes about that the palate is never affronted by excess! There is never too much of any especial spice, vegetable, or sauce.

One secret of the excellence of domestic cookery in France is the lavish use made of vegetables. Where we use one kind French cooks use twenty. The same may be said of eggs. Here we touch upon another interesting point.

There is no doubt that Catholicism is very favourable to the cuisine. Perhaps, indeed, the decline of theological fervour may partly account for the decline of cookery throughout France.

Certain it is that orthodoxy in belief goes hand in hand with a good table. Now in Catholic families Fridays and other days of the calendar are still religiously observed as *jours maigres*; in other words, people confine themselves to a fish and vegetarian diet. The exceptional *régime* gives rise to exceptional cookery. All kinds of excellent dishes are devised which would never be thought of by the Protestant or unbeliever.

Nothing, for instance, can be more irritating to a well-regulated mind than the persistence with which English cooks will send up boiled eggs and boiled potatoes from the first of January to the last day of December. We might suppose that human inventiveness in the matter of cookery had never got beyond these two discoveries in culinary art. On fast days in France we are astonished to find what an agreeable bill of fare may be made up of the above-named articles of food alone, the added factors being time, care, and the ingenuity of the cook.

A whole chapter might be devoted to the omelette, about which most English folks are as ignorant as poor Condorcet. The philosopher had fled from the Revolutionary Tribunal to the environs of Paris, and entering a little inn, demanded an omelette. 'How many eggs would you like put in it?' asked the housewife. 'Oh, about a dozen,' replied Condorcet, no more knowing how an omelette should be made than the man in the moon. The landlady gossiped in the kitchen about the gentleman's ignorance. Suspicions were aroused; the spies of the Terror got hold of Condorcet, and he lost his head simply because he had made that unlucky blunder about an omelette. Why French people *can* make omelettes and English *cannot* is comprehensible after a lesson in the art from a *chef*. The achievement requires a nimbleness foreign to us phlegmatic, deliberate insulars. Before an English cook would have fairly smashed her eggs, a French *chef* has whisked them, tossed in a pinch of salt and chopped parsley, shaken all over a roaring coke fire as if he were seized with sudden frenzy, and plumped his omelette into the dish cooked to a turn. The secret of the business is celerity.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

## *The Teleporon.*

**M**Y mother died when I was a child, and my father when I was twenty years of age, leaving me, an only son, with a fortune of about 8,000*l*. As my property consisted entirely of stocks and shares, and as I had got into a habit of 'changing my investments,' as I at first called it, but, in plain English, of selling stocks that I held for the purpose of buying others that I thought likely to get dearer, I had frequent occasion to visit the office of a firm of stock-brokers whom I shall call Messrs. Brown and Jones. Here I gradually acquired the habit of buying stocks that I had no means of possessing, and of selling stocks that I had never possessed at all.

A pleasanter lounge than Messrs. Brown and Jones's office I do not know of. There was a large room with comfortably cushioned seats, and an instrument which was technically known as the 'tape,' i.e. a machine connected with an electric apparatus in the Stock Exchange, which rolled off on a narrow sheet of paper the various transactions that took place in the Stock Exchange; so that, sitting in the office of Messrs. Brown and Jones, you knew everything that took place in the 'House,' as the Stock Exchange is familiarly termed, and, if you bought or sold a stock, you would presently see whether you were winning or losing.

The 'tape' would remain silent for a minute or two, and then give a 'click! click!' then the large hoop of paper would begin to move; and then, if you watched it, you would see printed on it such expressions as 'Er  $25\frac{1}{2} - \frac{3}{4}$ ,' 'G W  $7 - \frac{1}{2}$ .' I am only assuming quotations for the sake of explanation, but such expressions would mean that Erie Railway shares were at  $25\frac{1}{2}$  to  $25\frac{3}{4}$ , and Great Western Railway stock at 137 to  $137\frac{1}{2}$ . When the 'tape' began to 'click,' the first point of interest was whether the particular stock that you were interested in was to be mentioned. The 'tape' stolidly spelt each particular letter and figure out, so that, suppose you were speculating in Great Western Railway of England stock, it would go 'click' 'G,' 'click' 'W.' But then

would come an anxious moment: 'G W' by itself would mean Great Western of England, but if a 'C' came out after the 'W,' it would mean Great Western of Canada, in which we will suppose that you had no interest at all. About half a second generally elapsed between each 'click,' but they were long half seconds very often. If your stock came out, then of course came the absorbing question of the price, and sometimes the infernal instrument would stop after spelling the name of a stock, and keep clicking for half a minute before it could be got to disgorge the figure, which, after all, was of course the important thing.

Sitting about the room, or standing round the 'tape,' were generally some ten or twelve men of various ages. My object is not to describe a society that was typical enough in its way, but to tell of what happened to me on the night of November —, 188—, and of the consequences thereof; and so I shall briefly say of the clients of Messrs. Brown and Jones that they were very pleasant, gentlemanly fellows, who smoked and drank a good deal, and occasionally disappeared altogether without any formality in the way of leave-taking. In order, further, to get to the extraordinary events that it is the object of this paper to inform the reader of, I shall summarise as briefly as possible the circumstances that left me, when I walked out of Messrs. Brown and Jones's office at three o'clock on the day I have alluded to, not only a pauper, but indebted to the firm to the tune of about 1,200*l*.

Briefly, then, what had happened was this. I had commenced by speculating in a small way, but gradually increased my operations, not because I was winning, but because I was getting fonder of gambling, and had finally bought 150,000*l*. of a certain stock for the rise, giving the whole of my capital—then only about 6,000*l*.—as 'cover' or security, besides, I am sorry to say, 1,000*l*. that belonged to an aunt of mine, who had intrusted it to me to invest. The reader will thus see that every variation of one per cent. in the price of the stock meant a difference of 1,500*l*. to me. The stock went down until the 'cover' was lost and 1,200*l*. or so besides. I had a hurried consultation with Mr. Brown in his private room. I could not find any more 'cover,' and the consequence was that we walked out into Throgmorton Street together, he to 'close' or sell the stock, I to—well, go to the devil if I pleased. A very nice state of affairs indeed. A few days before I was the owner of a snug income of nearly 400*l*. per annum; now I was a pauper, a bankrupt, and I was not quite clear whether I was not also an embezzler. How did I feel? In the chapter on

'the Jew's last night alive' in 'Oliver Twist,' Dickens, I think, gives a very clear picture of the state of the ordinary intelligence when oppressed by a dreadful calamity. The Jew, it will be remembered, during the trial counted the number of rails in the dock, speculated as to what the judge had for lunch, wondered whether the sketch that a man was taking of him in court was like him, and so on. In fact, his mind, afraid to contemplate the great horrid thing by which it was oppressed, made the consideration of a number of utterly trivial and unimportant things an excuse for diverting its attention from the source of its terror. It was probably on this principle that the great Napoleon spent his last night in Paris in packing up gloves and handkerchiefs and bottles of scent and such things.

As I stepped out into Throgmorton Street in the cold foggy evening, I was sick at heart. I had a dreadful but vague feeling that I was being born into a new world where there were none of the comforts or the hopes and ambitions of the old one. But beyond a vague but dreadful sense of helplessness, and a sickening terror of something unknown, my feelings were not very definite, except on one matter—I had a great craving for a bowl of turtle soup. As I was not hungry, and as I was never much of an epicure, this may have been my general craving for the comforts I was to be parted from, condensed into a narrow form to suit my then state of mind. At all events I felt a great craving for this bowl of turtle soup; so, telling Mr. Brown that I would be back in half an hour, I started over to Birch's in Cornhill. I ate about half the basin of soup, and drank half a pint of sherry and two brandies and sodas, and read the advertisement-sheet of the *Times* most carefully. I could have had the leading-article sheet if I had wished, but I didn't. I tried to read an article in some paper—the *Standard*, I think—but could not. My mind seemed to move so slowly that I felt simply bewildered at the multiplicity of ideas it seemed to contain. But the advertisements suited me exactly. They were easy to understand. To comprehend them did not involve any marshalling or comparison of ideas, and they gave me something to think of that was not dreadful. At length, on looking at the clock—for, alas! I had had to mortgage my valuable gold watch and chain—I saw that it was nearly four o'clock. I looked at the contents of my purse—a sovereign, a half-sovereign and two florins. These, and a few shillings at the bank, and the furniture at my chambers in the Temple, were all that I had in the world. For about five minutes I sat looking at



the clock until it pointed to four. Then I had another brandy and soda. And then, it being by this time about ten minutes past four o'clock, I started on my way back to Messrs. Brown and Jones.

I had just got to the corner of the Bank when I met a Mr. James Wentworth. Mr. Wentworth was one of those mysterious men who have no profession or ostensible occupation, who have (we feel certain, without exactly knowing why) no private property of their own, but who always have a little money in their pockets, and who are generally engaged in promoting gigantic financial schemes. Pleasant companions as a rule, and indigenous to the city of London. I had been acquainted with Mr. Wentworth for some twelve months or more. He had been a lieutenant in a crack cavalry corps, had sold out with the intention of going to the Bar, but for some reason or another had not been called, though he had eaten all, or nearly all, his dinners. At the time I am speaking of he was about thirty-six years of age. He lived principally, I understood, on an allowance from a wealthy aunt, for he had eaten his patrimony years before, and, with all the exuberant spirits of a boy of eighteen, divided his time between the pleasures of his club in the West End, where he had frequently entertained me, and the excitement of the City. Notwithstanding the disparity of age between us (for I was only twenty-three), we were great friends, for there was no man whose society I liked better than that of James Wentworth, who knew everything and everybody, and whose brain was always seething with fun and anecdote and commercial enterprise. For in all my experience I have never known such an inveterate concocter of financial projects as Mr. James Wentworth, of the Omnibus Club, Pall Mall, and Pick-me-up Chambers, Piccadilly.

'Well, old boy,' said Mr. Wentworth, as we shook hands, 'how goes it?'

'How goes it?' I replied; 'badly as can be. The fact is, I'm broke.'

'Broke!' exclaimed Wentworth. 'But come across here; I want to get to Lombard Street.'

'No,' I said, 'I must get back to Throgmorton Street.'

'Nonsense!' said Wentworth; 'come on while there is a crossing. I have something to say to you. Quick! behind that 'bus. That's it.'

And before I knew very well what I was about I found myself back in Cornhill,

'Now,' said Wentworth, 'come in here to Birch's and tell me all about it.'

Accordingly we turned in to Birch's, and over another brandy and soda, and another basin of soup that he forced me to eat, I told the tale of my losses, feeling as I did so a strange sense of relief in thus unfolding my troubles to one who was so much my senior, and to whom I knew that I could speak unreservedly.

Wentworth listened attentively to my story. When I had finished, he seemed to meditate deeply for a minute or two, and then said, speaking more to himself than to me, 'The old, old story. You remember what I said to you the last time I saw you—that the Stock Exchange is a machine so constructed that in time bargains the jobbers must win, otherwise they could not live.'

'Yes,' I said, 'and I wish to heavens I had taken your advice.'

'Well, well,' said Wentworth, 'there is no use in crying over spilt milk. Now let me ask you a question as a friend. You will answer it or not as you please. Besides the money your brokers hold as cover, what property have you?'

'None,' I replied. 'You remember I have told you often that all my property was in stocks and shares; and they, or their product in cash, is in the hands of Brown and Jones.'

'But,' said Wentworth, 'have you no money at the bank?'

'About ten shillings,' I answered, with a ghastly attempt at a smile.

'Hum, that's bad,' said Wentworth, who seemed to be meditating very deeply about something. 'But stay, though—the furniture in your chambers in the Temple, what did it cost you?'

'About 350l.'

'How long have you had it?'

'About eight months.'

'Have you the receipts? Is it all paid for?'

'Yes.'

'Can you stand another brandy and soda?' cried Wentworth, as he rose with a face beaming with joy. 'I don't mean can you pay for it, but can you drink it without hurting yourself?'

'Well, I dare say I can,' I said, astonished at his excitement.

'Two brandies and a split soda, Miss, please,' he said to the young lady at the bar. 'Now,' he said, as they stood before us, 'if I tell you that your 8,000l. is as safe as if it were in your pocket in Bank of England notes, will you promise me two things on your word of honour as a man and as a gentleman?'

First, that you will not ask me any questions that I do not choose to answer to-night; secondly, that when you get your money you will never again buy or sell for the account on the Stock Exchange.'

'But——' I said.

'But me no buts,' cried Wentworth. 'I ask nothing unreasonable. You give me your word as a man and as a gentleman, or I leave you to look after your affairs yourself.' And here he took up his hat as if he were about to go.

'Then I promise,' I said in an agony; for, though the whole thing seemed strange and unreal, I clung to his presence, or the hope that it kept alive, as it were, 8,000*l.* in gold sovereigns.

'Now, then,' said Wentworth, raising his glass, 'drink to your release from penury which is imprisonment without board and lodging.'

Accordingly we drank; I with a strange tumultuous feeling of doubt struggling faintly with hope that was as strong as conviction, and as delicious as it was vague and undefinable.

'And now,' said Wentworth, 'you must wait here for me for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. I shan't be more than half an hour at the very most. In the meantime let this comfort you, that you have my word of honour, in exchange for your promise, that your money is absolutely safe. Now don't on any account leave here until I come back. You promise?'

'Yes, but do tell me——'

'Remember your promise,' and, with a significant look, he left.

My emotions were as undefinable as they were strong. I had purposed being called to the Bar, as most law students do, with an idea of being Lord Chancellor or Attorney-General, or at the least a puisne judge. In fact, a fortnight ago I doubt very much whether I would have compounded for my ambitions by accepting a puisne judgeship as a matter of certainty at the end of my imaginary forensic career. Then came that terrible crash, the meaning of which I as yet but dimly realised. And then this extraordinary scene with Wentworth. 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' If I had been able to realise the loss I had sustained in its true significance, I should probably have gone mad. Luckily, by some dispensation of providence, my mind found other and, under the circumstances, better occupation in meditating on such trivial and comparatively unimportant matters as the advertisements for servants, etc., in the *Times*.

With the departure of Wentworth, however, a great chill seemed to come upon me. His presence seemed to give me hope; his words seemed like the actual possession of the good things he promised. When he left the animal feeling of his presence was gone, and the memory of his words was only a memory, and not the thing that the words themselves were. Luckily my mind—for my mind and I seemed as distinct as my arm and I—began as if to take me away from care, to image my past acquaintance with him. Only in this way can I describe the vision that floated before me of all my past dealings with James Wentworth. I seemed to see all our past intercourse as in a dream. In none of the pictures that floated before my 'mind's eye' could I detect much flaw. He was enthusiastic, but he was clear-headed enough, and as to his perfect honesty of thought and principle, there was no doubt. He was shrewd enough, and clearly not the man to tell a lie. What then could he mean by saying that my 8,000*l.* was safe? Suddenly a light seemed to break upon me. He had asked about my furniture. Evidently he was thinking about its value—how to turn it into money. But what could the few pounds that it would realise be wanted for? How would they assist me to get back my 8,000*l.*? For, evidently, there was some connection between my raising money on my furniture and recovering the money that I had lost. When he heard that I had paid for my furniture, and had the receipts, he said that my money was safe. Obviously the explanation of the matter was this. In some way or other Brown and Jones were legally in the wrong—had no claim to the 'cover'—and the money that my furniture was to realise was wanted to contest the matter. I must say that this solution of the matter gave me but little comfort. Not more than 150*l.* or 200*l.* could probably be got for the furniture. That would hardly suffice for the expenses of a lawsuit, and leave me nothing to live on during the months, perhaps years, that the suit would be sure to last. Besides which it would involve an *exposé* of the way that I had dealt with my aunt's money.

The half-hour had just elapsed when Wentworth came in with a large thin book under his arm.

'Wentworth,' I said, 'I have discovered what you are about; you want me to raise money to have an action against Brown and Jones?'

'I thought it was unsafe to leave you to yourself even for a few minutes,' said Wentworth.

'Well, but that's what you want me to do,' I said doggedly.

'Now look here,' said Wentworth in an authoritative manner. 'When the proper time comes I shall tell you all. At present I shall tell you nothing, except that you are entirely wrong in your surmise, that I have not the slightest idea of your taking any steps whatever against Brown or Jones, or anybody else, legally or otherwise, and that you must remember your promise and ask no more questions. You may take my word for it that you have no idea of my plans, and that your money is safe if you put yourself under my guidance. Now, for to-night will you implicitly obey me, or will you act on your own account? You have my word that I have good reasons for asking you to do what I tell you, without asking any questions. Say Yes or No. One thing or the other—Yes or No?'

'Since my only hope is through you, yes.'

'Come on then, and let us have some dinner.'

In a minute or two we were in a hansom, and rattling along through the mud and fog of Cannon Street. It was, not, however, until we got into the glare of Fleet Street and the Strand that I began to wake thoroughly to the reality of my misery. Every shop and restaurant looked warm and splendid within, but there was the cold foggy air about me, and here was I dashing along like a duke, with wealth and comfort on every side—the old familiar haunts as if beseeching my return—and only a sovereign or so that I could call my own.

Them as is rich drives in chaises,  
Them as is poor walks like blazes,

I muttered to myself as I watched the crowds of pedestrians hustling their way along the sloppy streets.

'Rich, indeed,' I thought; 'why, I am more than two thousand pounds worse off than the very beggars in the street.' And so we went on through Fleet Street and the Strand, and up Trafalgar Square, and by the Haymarket, to a well-known restaurant, where the hansom was paid off by Wentworth, grumbling; I don't mean that Wentworth was grumbling, but the driver of the hansom, for Wentworth was as pleasant as could be.

And now the business that it is the purpose of this narrative to inform the reader of begins.

We went through a passage past a window, that acted by a sliding pane as a private bar, to a staircase, and on the first landing met a waiter who ushered us into a private room—a moderate sized room, with a Turkey carpet, a piano, some chairs,

and a table on which there was a snow-white cloth, and a profusion of glasses.

Wentworth gave the order, and in a few minutes dinner was served.

Perhaps Mr. Thackeray has given, in the 'Rose and the Ring,' the best description that was ever given of a good dinner.

'Let,' he says, 'each child think of the dish that he likes best and imagine it before him.' If my reader will do this he may enjoy the dinner—and after all that is the great point—as much as I did. I was hungry, and I was expectant, and I ate and drank as a felon might do, who has been starving with fear for some days, but who has suddenly got a certainty—whether founded on hope or conviction—that he will get off. At length, over our walnuts and a bottle of Château Margaux, the light conversation Wentworth had kept up during dinner flagged, and looking at me, he said—

'You are under orders not to ask questions, and considering the circumstances you have behaved pretty well. But you are anxious to know what I am about. A man does not lose 8,000*l.* every day, and hear the next minute that his money is all back, eh?'

'For Heaven's sake do one thing or the other. Tell me what you mean, or avoid the real subject you allude to altogether. I have given you my promise, and I keep it, but don't play with me. I can "eat, drink, be merry, and die" as well as any one, but I won't be chaffed. So out with it or talk of something else. You know my affairs. Nobody else does—at least not at present—so no chaff.'

'But suppose I am the bearer of the glad tidings that your affairs can be set all right?'

'Oh, well, in that case——'

'In that case, what?'

'In that case you might, if you are not relying on some supernatural assistance, have told me the means by which they can be set right, and so have enabled me to see Brown instead of skulking,——'

'Aye, and let him have served you with a writ,' said Wentworth.

'Look here, Wentworth,' I said. 'You have told me that my money is safe. You have pledged your word to that. I am waiting to know why or how. Until you are prepared to tell me, talk about something else.'



‘Then I am prepared to tell you at once,’ replied Wentworth. ‘But I want your undivided attention. You can naturally imagine that there is something strange in the wind. It will take me a little time to explain matters, and you must let me do so in my own way. But first let us ring for some coffee and brandy and settle the bill.’

Accordingly coffee and brandy were ordered, and the bill was liquidated; the result of which was that when the waiter was tipped Wentworth had two shillings and I had two and fourpence left; so that if I took a cab home, and gave the cabman his fare of one shilling and sixpence, I should not have a shilling left. Nevertheless my spirits seemed to rise as my finances declined. Whether it was the result of the wine or my confidence in Wentworth, I was in a state of exquisitely delightful anticipation, with at bottom just a slight sense of chilly terror. Now I was to know my fate. I made up my mind that it would be all right, but until I knew it there was just a possibility, from the thought of which I shrank with horror.

‘Now, my boy,’ said Wentworth, ‘I come to the point. You must, as I have said, let me explain myself in my own way. The matter that I am going to speak about is very extraordinary—so much so, that if I had not the practical proof at hand I should not have spoken about it at all; but even with the proof it is necessary that I should say a few words to break the subject to you. Let me go on in my own way for a few minutes; then I shall make a statement that will startle you, and show you something which, if it is possible, will add to your amazement, but which will make you perfectly satisfied that, as I have told you from the beginning, your money—the whole of it—is perfectly safe.

‘A hundred years ago—less than that—there was not a railway or a telegraph in the whole world. If anybody at that time had said that it was in the nature of things possible to travel at the rate of sixty or seventy miles an hour, or to send a message from London to New York in a few minutes, he would have been looked upon as a lunatic; and yet we can dine in London at seven o’clock in the evening, and breakfast at eight o’clock the next morning in Dublin, or Edinburgh, or Paris, and we can send a message to any part of the world in a few minutes. Do you suppose that there is nothing else to discover? And if a man sitting in London, say, can transmit his thoughts to a place a thousand miles away in a few seconds, will you venture to say that there

is any impossibility of his also transmitting his body to the same place in the same time? Come, my friend, what do you know about nature? You have Kant's philosophy, you are acquainted with his "Critique of Pure Reason;" you know then that Space and Time are only what he calls Forms of the Sensibility—in other words, that they are only conditions of our consciousness, only parts of our own nature, that, in short, they have no existence at all except whilst we are conscious of them. Again, without being an idealist, you know that, assuming the existence of such a thing as matter, it is for ever hidden from us by our own sensations, and that the external world, *as far as we know it*, is nothing but a series of groups of sensations which exist only while we are conscious of them. This knife is white and hard, and would give me pain if I were to cut myself with it, but the whiteness and hardness are as purely sensations of ours, and have as little existence out of our consciousness, as the pain. Of things we know nothing but our own sensations, and the order of our sensations that we call the World can be adequately explained by the known Laws of Association, without assuming the existence of matter at all. Knowing, then, that you know nothing about the secret of Being, will you say that anything is impossible? Now mark.' He drew from his pocket a small blue bottle. 'With the contents of this bottle I can transport myself wheresoever I please in an instant. The railway and the telegraph are things of the past. The capital that is sunk in them is like the capital that was sunk in stage-coaches—lost for ever; whilst the wealth of the world is at the command of those who own the secret of the Teleporon, for such is the name I have given my discovery. I want a hundred pounds for purposes I shall explain to you. For that hundred pounds I shall give you a half-share in the Teleporon. You shall try the Teleporon first. I shall wait here until you have been to and returned from any place you please. Then we shall discuss the *modus operandi* in bringing the discovery before the world; and you will see that with the money that you will get for your furniture you are a millionaire. Come, my boy, where shall it be? What do you say to a trip to Turkestan, to have a peep at the Trans-Caspian Railway that you have read so much about?'

I am afraid that I have given the reader but a very imperfect notion of the oration that Wentworth poured forth. At first, as he expounded his scheme, I felt a deep sense of disappointment that it was not of a more tangible nature. But he spoke so

earnestly, with such an evident appearance of conviction, and was so full of his subject, for I have not given a tenth part of what he said, that as he went on he began to inspire me with his own confidence. Such as it was, his scheme was my only chance of recovering my lost fortune. I knew that he was too honourable and too humane, too much, in fact, a gentleman, to make me the victim of any senseless joke at such a time; and I knew him to be a shrewd man of the world. Besides, I was in a very nervous and excited state, and perhaps more credulous than I should otherwise have been. So, strange as it may seem, by the time he had finished speaking I was as anxious as he could have wished me to be to try the Teleporon.

'All right, my boy,' I said. 'I may as well be your *corpus vile* as my own *corpus mortuum*.'

'I don't know what you mean,' replied Wentworth; 'but if you are talking of suicide you may thank me for saving your life, or at least for putting the idea out of your mind. For I dare say that, like thousands of others, you would have postponed the performance a little when it came to drawing up the curtain.'

'No, I wouldn't,' I said doggedly.

'Yes, you would,' said Wentworth; 'the few of us who would be left would all be grave-diggers in this country if every person who intends to commit suicide were to do so. Now, then, where are you going to? What do you say to a trip to Kizil-Arvat to look after the railway you have been talking so much about?'

Kizil-Arvat, as the reader knows, or ought to know, is the first station on the great railway which the Russians are building from Michailovsk, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, to—well, I suppose, eventually to India. I was a good deal interested in the subject at the time; and of all places in the world it was, perhaps, the place I had most curiosity to visit.

'All right,' I said; 'start the train.'

'Train be hanged!' said Wentworth. 'I wish you would learn that such lumbering things as trains are superseded. Now put on your overcoat and sit on that chair. That's right. Attend now'—here he looked at the book he had brought with him. 'Kizil-Arvat is just'—here he went through some calculations, and announced the number of miles to Kizil-Arvat. 'You have two handkerchiefs about you? Well, there, put three drops on one and put it over your head thus'—here he put a napkin over my head—'and ten drops on the other handkerchief, and press it on your trousers and coat thus.' Here he pressed the other

napkin about my legs as if he were shampooing me. 'Put this bottle in your pocket. Mind you don't lose it.' He put the bottle in my pocket. 'Now, don't keep me long. Mind, I shall wait here until you come back. Three drops on the handkerchief on your head; ten drops on your legs and coat, thus.' He was still shampooing me; but the scene changed.

I was sitting on a stone by a roadside. As clearly as I can remember, and I remember the circumstances clearly enough, for I had no sense of drowsiness and there was no gap whatever in my consciousness, that is what happened. Wentworth was still mopping me; and suddenly, without any change that I could detect in my consciousness, I was sitting by a roadside. As another instance of how the mind when surrounded by dreadful circumstances occupies itself with trivial things, I may mention that I speculated for some time as to how it was possible for me to have come so far without knowing anything about the time that had elapsed whilst I was travelling. Wentworth was still mopping me, and I was in an open country sitting by a roadside.

Then suddenly the whole thing rushed upon me. I was broken, ruined, a pauper in a wild, strange, hostile country where I had no means of explaining my condition, and where I knew that my presence would be resented as the presence of a spy.

'Let me back! Let me back!' So I almost cried aloud as I jumped from my seat. Frantically I felt in my pockets for the Teleporon.

'Where did he put it?' I did fairly cry out as I turned out pocket after pocket without finding the bottle.

'Oh, I am dreaming!' I exclaimed when I found that there was no trace of the Teleporon. For a minute or two the thought gave me comfort. I must be dreaming. I should wake when Mrs. Jackson (my laundress) rapped at my door, and the whole thing would be a hideous nightmare. And so I sat down again to wait until I woke, hoping, praying, and believing that I was only dreaming. The crisp, sharp night air, however, speedily convinced me that I was not dreaming in my bed in the Temple or anywhere else, but that I was wide awake and sitting on a stone by a country road. Besides, I began to reflect that there was too much of permanence and continuity in my sensations and thoughts for a dream. Then I felt satisfied that I was awake, and that these were but part of the horrid realities that had lately encompassed me.

I was awake and alone in a strange country, with no other means of returning to the only place where I could be known and believed and find shelter or rest than my own legs. Here I was friendless and, practically, penniless. I could not name any person who would say that I could be trusted with a shilling. I could give no satisfactory account of how I came there. How was I to get back? All this flashed on my mind at once, and with a vividness that I shudder at to the present day. In imagination the road seemed to stretch on over the Ural mountains, over the steppes of Russia to the Baltic. And even at the shores of the Baltic how was I to get home? for all England seemed my home at the moment. Already I felt as tired as if I had walked the whole length of that immense and dreary journey. The moon shone for a minute through the clouds that were drifting rapidly through the sky; and about twenty yards down the road, at the other side, I noticed something that seemed like a signpost. I hastened to the spot. Imagine my horror when on a large white board, about four feet above my head, I saw printed in clear black letters,

KIZIL-ARVAT,  
12 VERSTS.

There could be no doubt about it. The signpost was as genuine as the ground I trod upon; and there, about four feet above me, were the fatal words, 'Kizil-Arvat, 12 versts.' I was too horrified to think; so I kept mechanically repeating to myself, 'Kizil-Arvat, 12 versts; Kizil-Arvat, 12 versts.'

Whilst I was standing stupefied with horror before this post, I suddenly heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and, looking along the road, I saw three or four horsemen and something on wheels coming towards me at a quick pace.

Instinctively I got behind a bush to let them pass, hoping that I should not be observed. As they came near I saw that the party was composed of three Cossacks and a man driving a drosky.

The cavalcade had nearly passed me, and I was just beginning to feel at ease; for so unequal was I to contemplate two horrors together that if the Cossacks had passed on I should probably for a minute or two have felt quite contented, forgetting all about my other troubles. As the last horseman passed, however, he gave a loud shout, and reined up his horse. The result was that the rest of the cavalcade stopped; and, pointing with his sword to where I was, the last horseman said something in a loud voice,

and seemed to beckon me from my hiding-place. I crouched closely behind the bushes. A short parley took place between the party, and then the man in the drosky jumped out, and, pointing a pistol at the place where I was standing, said something in a loud, imperious tone. What he said I could not understand; but I had been on a tour in Russia proper about two years before, and, though I could not understand a word he said, I knew enough about the Russian language to know that it was in Russian he was speaking. His attitude, however, gave me a very good idea of his meaning and his evident commands, and so I stepped from my place of concealment. Something he said again in Russian as I came on the highway. What it was I do not know. But I answered at random, and out of the fulness of my heart—

‘Sir, I am an Englishman, who is here owing to very extraordinary circumstances.’

‘An Englishman!’ said the officer, for such he seemed to be, lowering his revolver as he spoke. ‘Then how came you here, and what do you mean by skulking behind that hedge?’

I have frequently had occasion, both in Russia and in England, to remark the wonderful facility with which the Russians acquire and use the idiomatic expressions of our language; and in the midst of all my trouble I could not help noticing the phrase ‘skulking behind that hedge,’ as showing a very intimate knowledge of colloquial English for a foreigner. He was a tall man, with a heavy black moustache, dressed, as well as I could see, in an ulster that seemed to be made of fur.

‘I was in London a few minutes ago,’ I replied, ‘and a friend did something that sent me here.’

I spoke on the spur of the moment, but I had hardly given utterance to the words when I regretted having spoken so precipitately. The soldier who had spied me, and whom I perceived from his dress and appearance to be also an officer, burst into a loud laugh, and said jeeringly, but in very much less perfect English than the other officer had spoken in:

‘Thank you, my friend; but I think that you will find that we can joke as well as you can.’

Then turning to the other officer he said something in Russian, to which the officer in fur assented, and desired me to get on the drosky. I did so, and we started at a brisk trot, the junior officer, as I judged him to be, riding behind the drosky, and seeming to keep a sharp watch on my movements.



I had clung as long as possible to the hope that, after all, I was only dreaming; but it was now perfectly clear that I was not dreaming, and bitterly I cursed my folly in letting Wentworth experiment on me in such a manner.

As we whisked rapidly along I saw, through an occasional burst of moonlight—for heavy masses of cloud were driving through the sky—that we were passing through an open country very much resembling the descriptions I had read of the country about Kizil-Arvat. In what direction we were going, whether east or west, north or south, I had, of course, no idea.

I do not know how long we had been travelling—not more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, I should think—when we drew up before a low, one-storeyed house, before which two sentinels were pacing on guard. At the sound of our arrival a tall man, with grey hair and whiskers, came out. He wore a general's cocked hat and a sword, and had a keen, determined face and a very imperious bearing. He shook hands coldly with the two officers who accompanied me, and, pointing to me, asked some question. I could not, of course, understand the meaning of the question or the answer. But what I could understand perfectly well was that they were talking in Russian, and, from their gestures and expression, that the account that was given of me was considered to be very unsatisfactory indeed. After they had spoken for a minute or two together, the general—for such I afterwards learned he was—went into the house with the officer who had ridden behind me, and the officer in fur came up to me—I was sitting still on the drosky—and said curtly—

‘You are charged with being a spy, and are going to be brought before General Kaufmann for examination. You will consider whether it is advisable to act the part of a lunatic any longer. Follow me.’

I got off the drosky, and followed him. There was no fear of my running away, for several soldiers had come out of the house, and two of them walked beside and another behind me. Thus we entered a sort of guard-room. It was a moderate-sized room without any carpet, and its chief furniture consisted of a large table and a few chairs. The table was at the upper end of the room, and before it sat the general and the younger of the officers at his left side. The officer who entered with me, whom I afterwards learned was Colonel Potoski, sat at the right of the general, each of them having some writing materials before him. I was motioned to a seat before the triumvirate, two soldiers standing

on guard beside me, and the court-martial—for such it was—commenced.

‘Your name?’ said Colonel Potoski.

I gave my name in full and my address in London, the general making an entry of it in a ledger.

‘What papers have you? Lay them on the table.’

Now it so happened that I had put on a new frockcoat and waistcoat before leaving my chambers in the Temple, and the consequence was that I had not a paper of any description about me. How I longed for the coat I had left behind, for in it were letters with postmarks that would have done something to corroborate my story. I turned out my pockets and produced a knife, a toothpick, a silver pencil-case, a couple of handkerchiefs, a pair of gloves, two shillings in silver, and four coppers.

The officers made a note of all this, and looked significantly at each other.

Here a great commotion arose, in the confusion of which I took the opportunity of putting the things back into my pockets. Some horsemen came galloping up to the house, shouting and talking loudly. Some men rushed out of the house. There was a great row outside for about a minute, and then there entered another officer all splashed with mud, and after him five or six soldiers, also splashed with mud, and dragging a powerful Turcoman with his dress torn to ribbons, his hands tied behind him, and bleeding so profusely from a wound in the head that his long black hair was clotted with blood.

The general and the other two officers at the table stood up and spoke in Russian, and in a very excited tone, with the officer who had come in with the prisoner, the prisoner constantly interrupting them, in spite of his guards, by what were, as far as I could judge, loud curses and menaces uttered in his own language. At last the general gave some order, and the prisoner, struggling violently and talking more frantically than ever, was dragged out of the room, leaving drops of blood on the floor behind him. Then the officers resumed their seats, the last one taking a seat next Colonel Potoski, and looking very inquisitively at me. And the court-martial recommenced.

‘Now, sir,’ said Colonel Potoski, ‘explain how you come to be here; and let me tell you that your life depends on your giving a satisfactory explanation. Do not speak too quickly, as I have to write down what you say.’

For a moment I hesitated. It was clearly impossible that

they could believe my story. But I was committed to it. And, besides, what else could I possibly say? It was the truth, and it could easily be verified if they telegraphed to London. Principally, then, in the hope of exciting their curiosity so as to induce them to telegraph to London, I told to them the story that I have already told to the reader. I dare say I told it more clearly, for, as Dr. Johnson says, the approach of death tends greatly to concentrate the mind. Colonel Potoski took down what I said, only interrupting me occasionally when he had a doubt as to the exact equivalent of my words in the language in which he was writing, or when he translated for the benefit of the general, whose knowledge of English was very imperfect. I finished with an earnest appeal that they would telegraph to my aunt, to Wentworth, to Messrs. Brown and Jones, and several others. When I had finished speaking a consultation was carried on in Russian for a few minutes by the members of the court, but from their countenances and the tone of their voices I augured but little good. Then Colonel Potoski said to me—

‘You have been too clever, or, perhaps, not clever enough. Your attempt to pass for a lunatic has failed because your story is too coherent.’

‘But,’ I cried, ‘for God’s sake telegraph——’

‘Stop this nonsense, sir,’ interrupted Potoski in an angry voice. ‘Where is the money to do as you ask? And suppose that we were fools enough to telegraph to your accomplices in England, do you think that we would take their words for such a story as you have told? We are exceedingly obliged to you and your friends in England for the estimate that you have formed of our intelligence, and we humbly hope that your fate will show how gratefully we appreciate it. Now attend; you will be sent on with the report of this investigation to Kizil-Arvat in an hour or two. General Tourgueneff, the officer who is at present in command of the forces in Turkestan, will peruse the report to-morrow, and, unless he believes the story that you have told us—and that is hardly likely—you will be hanged in the course of the day, for we don’t waste powder and ball on spies. Still there is just this suggestion I would make to you. Low as we have sunk in the scale of intelligence, we are not insensible to the advantages of commerce, and if you have anything to sell—any information, for example—that may be of use to us, we might, perhaps, give you your life for it; your liberty is, of course, another thing. But remember that we do not bargain much in

these parts, and that once you get into the possession of the hanging squad it is all over with you. You must excuse us if, in view of the possibility of your doing what a good many others have done—namely, thinking better of the matter and purchasing your life by a full confession—we take measures to prevent you from pursuing any further your no doubt very laudable investigations.’ He paused here for a moment. Up to the present he had spoken in a tone of mingled sarcasm and command. Then, with a smile and a very sapient expression, he added in a familiar but inviting manner: ‘After all, what is the use of following any business unless one does it with all one’s heart? You have served the English faithfully up to the present. The chances of war have gone against you. It is not your fault, but theirs. Why not serve us now? We will pay as well, perhaps better. Come, what say you? Will you buy your life or not?’

I did not answer because I had nothing to say in answer to his speech, and because I was too much engrossed with the tremendous issue that was put to me to think of any commonplace form of expression. Supposing, no doubt, that I was debating the question with myself, and that I should presently be in a more pliant mood, he said—

‘Very well. The present court has finished with you. In future any overtures must come from yourself. But remember that we are rather sharp here.’

He made a gesture and said something to the guards about me, and I found myself walking out of the room, wishing to say something but unable to do so. I have no recollection of anything until I found myself sitting on a chair in a cell, with a guard trimming the lamp. Then he locked and double-locked the door, and then all was silent. There was a cell, a dim lamp, a chair on which I was sitting, a barred window, a small but strong table, and nothing more. There was also a peculiar feeling such as I had never felt before, a feeling that at first was like a new sensation, and as such simply bewildering, a feeling that gradually became oppressive, more and more oppressive, and then horrible—horrible in a sense that I cannot describe. It was the feeling of confinement, of imprisonment—a feeling that is as indescribable, but as actual, and more awful than hunger or thirst. I compare it with hunger or thirst because from that experience I have thought that it must be the sixth sense that Locke intimates the existence of, though he does not name or describe it. That dreadful negative, numbing sense of loss of liberty that only those

can know who have felt it fell upon me as I gazed upon the stone walls that surrounded me. My chambers—Fleet Street—the Strand—Pall Mall—free to roam where I wist—and this! Such were my thoughts or visions as I paced like a caged beast round the infernal den. Why do prisoners break out of their prison when they are certain to be recaptured and imprisoned for a longer period? Why? I could have told you at the time. I would have risked an eternity of imprisonment for one hour on an open road or field where I should have been free. 'It is one of the profound psychological truths,' says the late Mr. Mill, 'that the world owes to Hobbes, that all our consciousness is of difference.' I should think it was. Only those who have known imprisonment can know what freedom means; and probably there is no country in the world where the meaning of liberty is less realised than in free England itself. At all events, during the period I am speaking of it was imprisonment and not death that I thought of, perhaps because I actually experienced imprisonment, while death was not yet present in a tangible form.

A footstep without aroused me from a sense of isolation that I can only describe as a feeling of impotent craving to dissolve or burst through the walls about me; a key was turned in the lock of the door with the most musical sound I ever heard, the door opened, and the officer who had ridden behind me to the station entered. I rose from the chair on which I was again sitting, but he waved me to my seat, and, after closing the door, took his seat on the table. He was a tall, finely built man, with black hair, a black beard and moustache, and a rather good-natured though resolute countenance.

Captain Omaroff, as I found he was by name and rank, did not speak English as fluently as Colonel Potoski; still he spoke well enough to be perfectly intelligible, and I shall not trouble the reader with his solecisms. In a very free and easy manner he commenced the conversation by saying—

'They are trying the Turcoman above. He will be shot before you leave.'

I bowed assent. The information did not seem very relevant, but it was a great deal to have anybody, whatever his news or ideas might be, as a companion, so I tried to be as civil as possible.

'Hanging is not as good as shooting,' he mused; 'it is a longer affair.' Then, looking me earnestly in the face, he said, 'Why don't you get yourself out of this scrape? You have only to tell the truth, and you won't be hanged like a dog.'

‘But I have told the truth,’ I cried. ‘I declare’—I won’t say here by what adjurations I accompanied my declaration—‘that what I have said is the truth.’

Captain Omaroff got off the table and was about to open the door. He was putting the key in the lock, when suddenly my whole train of thought, wishes, everything in fact, seemed to change and to concentrate themselves in one object.

‘Sir,’ I said, ‘before you go tell me your name.’

‘Captain Omaroff, of the Imperial Guards,’ he answered.

‘Then, Captain Omaroff,’ I said, ‘I shall not trouble you by repeating the story that I have already told you. You cannot believe it, and so it must be. But, whatever I may be, you will find that I am not a coward. I ask you, then, if I show myself to be a brave man at the hour of death, to do one thing for me when I am gone.’

‘What is that?’ He had put the key in his pocket, and was listening intently.

‘To send a line that I shall write with a pencil or anything, if you will give me a piece of paper, to a lady in England.’

‘She is, then, your wife?’

‘No; she was to be my wife.’

‘It would not be lucky for my Sophia if I did not,’ mused Captain Omaroff, sitting down again on the table and apparently musing deeply.

‘Then you will do as I ask?’

‘Yes; for that you have my word. Now tell me one thing. Why go on with this nonsense? You are a man. You would die for a woman. Why die for a lie?’

I was silent for a moment, then I said—

‘Sir, you have given your word that you will do as I ask?’

‘Yes.’

‘Then, sir, there can be no use in continuing the subject. I have said what I have said, and I shall say the same at the last.’

‘But,’ said Captain Omaroff, ‘it is strange. You are evidently a gentleman, an educated man, a man of courage; why, then, keep on repeating this tale when it has failed its purpose? Why not say, “I have lost; do with me as you will, but I shall tell nothing,” and not keep on saying that this absurd story is true?’

‘Because,’ I burst out, ‘it is true.’

‘I shall keep my promise,’ said Captain Omaroff; ‘but just one question. Your bottle, your Teleporon, ought to be true. Where is that?’



'The Teleporon?' I said.

'Yes, the Teleporon, where is that?' said Captain Omaroff.

'I do not know,' I answered. 'Wentworth put it in my pocket.'

'Then it is in your pocket now?'

I tried my pockets, though I knew well enough that I had it not.

'Why go on with nonsense any further?' asked Captain Omaroff.

'I pledge my word of honour that what I have said is the truth, and nothing but the truth,' I burst out again, unable to contain myself any longer. 'Where the Teleporon is I do not know. Possibly it may have dropped out of my pocket where I was sitting before I saw you.'

'Where was that?' he asked.

I told him as nearly as I could.

'Well, I suppose I am a great fool,' said Captain Omaroff. 'I cannot understand it all. Perhaps, after all, you are a lunatic, and making me as mad as you are yourself; but you speak in such a way that it seems as if there were something mysterious about the whole matter. I shall go myself and search the place.'

After questioning me closely as to what I remembered about my movements on the road before they met me, he left, promising to be back before I was removed to Kizil-Arvat. To my inquiries whether he would let me use the Teleporon if he found it he would only answer—

'I do not know yet what it may be.'

Again I was left alone. I was far less excited than I had been. The impatience produced by my imprisonment had passed away, and to it there had succeeded a strange lull in my emotions. I sat calmly in my cell composing a message to my cousin Kate, feeling, as I did so, not so much fear or grief as a strange pleasure in trying to devise words that would be worthy of our love, and that would show her that, ruined as I was, I was not quite unworthy of her. So much was I engrossed with this composition that, though I felt a momentary shock, I gave but little further heed to a volley I presently heard fired outside, and which I knew to be the death-knell of the Turcoman. And so time passed on until, it must have been an hour or more after he had left me, Captain Omaroff came into the cell again, looking very much heated and fatigued.

'I was afraid you would have gone before me,' he said; 'but you will start at once. Is that your Teleporon?'

'Good God, yes!' I cried.

'Would you take it at once?'

'Yes.'

'Then I see what you want. This is poison. You would kill yourself to escape being hanged.'

'On my honour I assure you that it is not poison, and that I have no intention of committing suicide. On my solemn word of honour——'

'What! you will tell a lie while you are dying?' interrupted Captain Omaroff.

'As I hope to be saved it is no lie,' I said firmly.

'Good heavens! This is strange,' said Captain Omaroff. 'You are not mad; and if you don't want to poison yourself, what can you want the bottle for? Ah! perhaps to blow us all up?'

'I do not want to touch the bottle at all. On my honour there is nothing dangerous about it. Only do what I ask you with it——' But here three soldiers came into the cell. Captain Omaroff put the bottle in his pocket. 'I shall see you,' he said, 'at Kizil-Arvat. When we get there we shall see about this bottle. In the meantime you must go with these guards. Their orders are to blindfold you, but otherwise they will not hurt you. *Au revoir!*'

In a moment a black silk scarf was put round my head so as to completely blind me. The loss of vision was unpleasant, but otherwise I suffered no inconvenience. Led by two guards, who held each of my arms, I went up some steps into the night air, and then into some kind of vehicle or carriage. I sat on a hard seat between the two guards. There were at least two or three other men in the vehicle; but what kind of vehicle it was, or how many men there were in it, I could not make out. We started at what appeared to be a brisk pace; but in what direction we were going I had not, of course, the least idea. At length, after perhaps an hour or so, we seemed to enter the courtyard of some building. The vehicle stopped. I was led out of it, and then, apparently, up some steps and through some passages, and then the scarf was taken off my head.

I had been so long in the dark that the light quite blinded me at first, but gradually I saw that I was in a large room lighted by some six or seven candles. It was, as far as I could judge, a sort

of orderly room. There was a table in the middle, at the end of which, in a blue uniform with gold epaulets, sat a stout, keen-faced man with a grey moustache, but without any whiskers or beard. Standing by his side, talking to him in Russian, was Captain Omaroff. Sitting by the fire in his shirt, but in military trousers and long boots, and with a cavalry sword hanging by his side, was a tall, fair-haired young man with a very handsome and aristocratic countenance, who looked at me leisurely with a very puzzled and amused expression. These and the two soldiers by my side were the only persons in the room. From the number of rifles and swords and regimentals that were leaning against or hanging from the walls, I saw that it was a sort of orderly or common room. As far as I could see, Colonel Potoski's report was lying before the officer who was sitting at the table, and Captain Omaroff was explaining the matter. The explanation, however, seemed to give very little satisfaction, for the officer to whom it was addressed, and whose face seemed purple with rage, interrupted Captain Omaroff by some remarks in Russian that were thundered out in a voice tremulous with passion.

'You see,' said Captain Omaroff, appealing to me, 'this is Major Lobanoff, who is General Tourgueneff's aide-de-camp. He says that we ought to have hanged you an hour ago, and not have troubled General Tourgueneff by bringing you here at all. I may tell you that if you persist in your story your doom is sealed, for General Tourgueneff will do as Major Lobanoff advises. For heaven's sake think well of the matter before it is too late.'

'I can say nothing more on the subject,' I replied, 'except that this is strange treatment to receive from a power that is not at war with my country.'

Captain Omaroff translated my reply to Major Lobanoff, who rose and, after flinging the papers into a drawer, said something to Captain Omaroff and the other officer and left the room without deigning to look at me.

'You have been very injudicious in your answer,' said Captain Omaroff. 'You forget that we are here for the purpose of opening a road for our armies to India, that war with England must break out as soon as the road is finished, and that you have no business to be here except to act as a spy on our movements. However, you will be hanged at twelve o'clock to day. It is now half-past four.'

'Captain Omaroff,' I said, 'there is no use in going over the

same thing. You have the instrument that brought me here. Will you give it to me?’

‘Well, Major Lobanoff will not mind much how you do it so long as you die. But suppose you recover, what will you say then? You have pledged your word that this Teleporon, as you call it, brought you here from England. It ought to take you back.’

‘What I have already said if I should find myself here,’ I answered.

‘Well, this is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of,’ said Captain Omaroff. ‘A sane man at death’s door swearing to an absurd lie!’ He had taken the bottle out of his pocket and was showing it to the other officer, who seemed to be very much amused at the account that he appeared to be giving him. ‘I don’t like to do it myself,’ he said, ‘but my friend says that we may as well let you have your whim. Now, what are we to do?’

I sat down and gave my directions. The same process that I have already described was repeated. It had been going on for some time, and as I felt no effect, and Captain Omaroff was telling me in very uncomplimentary language that it was all an imposition, and that they would not be fooled any longer, I began to be dreadfully afraid that something had happened to the Teleporon. Suddenly both the officers and soldiers gave utterance to loud cries of horror, and, with these cries ringing in my ears, the scene changed again. I was sitting on the staircase of what seemed to be an old castle or fortress. Such I judged it to be from the breadth of the stairs, the heavy banister at my side, and the high and gloomy walls about me. It was still dark, with the exception of a slight twilight which told me that it was either very early in the morning or very late in the evening. All this I took in at a glance. I was not dreaming; was I then mad? Was I to find this cursed Teleporon in some new and still more horrible way, and again to be placed amid some still more horrible surroundings? Was I never to be released from the mysterious labyrinth of terrors into which I had strayed? But I was not mad, or at least, if I were, these stairs, and this massive wall against which I beat my fist, were no mere creatures of my imagination. Was it the staircase of a madhouse, and had I strayed from my cell? Or was it some barrack, or fortress, or castle in Russia, or Germany, or Heaven knows where? And how was I to explain my presence?

All these thoughts came not successively but simultaneously

to my mind, as in an agony of terror I began to grope my way down the heavy staircase, which grew more sepulchral as I descended. I trod as softly as possible to avoid making any noise, yet doubting whether it would not have been wiser to walk more boldly, when I got into a stone-flagged passage and felt the night air. Thank goodness there was no door at the end of the passage, so I walked as quickly as I could out into the night. But what was this? I looked about. Fully a minute it must have taken me to realise the scene about me. Why, it was King's Bench Walk, and a very dark, windy morning! I knew that it was morning and not evening, as the lights had been put out, and as nobody was about the square. Taking three steps at a time I rushed up the stairs. I was not in a mood to take anything for granted; so when I got to my door I tried to read my name which was painted above it. It was still too dark, however, to enable me to decipher the characters. For a moment I fumbled with the key in the lock, and trembled as the door opened lest the whole place should vanish as I entered. It did not do so, however. I groped my way to the mantelpiece, where the matches usually were. Having got them, I struck a light and lit the gas. Yes, there was the old familiar room, and everything in it just as I had left it. I sat down with a feeling of relief that was really a feeling of most exquisite delight, until the thought struck me, 'True, these things are yours to-night, but what about to-morrow?' Terrible indeed was the outlook. However, one thing at a time. A few minutes ago I would have given the world to be here, and now that my wish was realised I would be contented for the present. Besides, as Hood says—

The mind flies back with a glad recoil  
From the debt not due till to-morrow.

I was very tired, so I went into my bedroom, and hastily throwing off my clothes I jumped into bed and fell asleep, hugging the sheets at the thought of my adventures.

A knock at my bedroom door at length aroused me.

'Who is there?' I asked.

'It is me, sir,' said the well-known voice of the Mrs. Jackson for whom I had so much longed the night before. 'There's a gentleman wants to see you, sir.'

'Oh! it is only I,' said Wentworth; and, without any ceremony, he came into my bedroom, saying as he did so, 'Good heavens! what have you been up to last night? Why, I waited for you till I was turned out of the restaurant at half-past twelve.

I was in terror lest anything should have gone wrong. Where is the Teleporon? You have it safe?’

He spoke perfectly seriously, and acted to perfection, if it were acting. I had come suddenly to the conclusion that the whole thing must in some way or other be a practical joke; so I regarded him steadily for a moment, and then said—

‘Mr. Wentworth, I have no doubt but that you think yourself very witty. But, considering my position, I consider that you have simply abused the confidence that I placed in you as a gentleman and a friend to perpetrate a very despicable and dastardly—joke I suppose you would call it, outrage I call it.’

He looked at me with a countenance on which I could read nothing but blank astonishment.

‘I met you last night. You told me that you were ruined. When I heard that you had still got your furniture, with which you might realise over one hundred pounds, I said that the whole of your money was safe. Am I right?’

‘Yes.’

‘Then, on my solemn word of honour, I meant what I said.’

I do not pretend to be a thought-reader, but his countenance told me that he was in earnest.

‘Now let me ask you,’ he continued, ‘have you got the Teleporon?’

‘No,’ I said. I was going to add something not very complimentary to the Teleporon, but he continued without heeding me—

‘That is bad. But listen to me. If I have played any such meaningless and dastardly trick upon you as you seem to suppose, I am a pitiful scoundrel indeed. I cannot say more than that. And now tell me in a few words what has happened to you.’

I felt sure that he would not speak in this manner if he were not speaking the truth; so I very briefly recounted the circumstances that the reader is acquainted with. He listened intently, and, when I had finished, said—

‘Those cursed Russians! We may have them over here after us. What a fool I was to let you go there! However, there is one good thing—they cannot analyse the Teleporon. The question is whether we can reconstruct it. There is a difficulty there. However, never mind; let us hope for the best—“sufficient for the day——” Now, my dear boy, you must be sharp. You had only a couple of shillings when I left you last night. You will want a little money to go on with. I cashed a cheque with my landlord this morning. Will five pounds do you for the present?’



It was Saturday morning, and the moment Wentworth spoke of money it occurred to me that unless I pawned some of my clothes or sold some of my books, which I had a great objection to do, I had not even the money to pay Mrs. Jackson or my laundress. A general sale and clear-out was one thing, but raising a few pounds in the other way went against my whole nature. I was therefore more obliged to Wentworth for the five sovereigns he laid on my dressing-table than I should have been for as many hundreds a few days before.

'And now, my boy,' he went on, 'you must be up and doing. You must turn the contents of these chambers into cash before Brown and Jones can attach them. You ought to do it before they serve you, for I am not certain whether in the city of London they cannot attach after the service of the writ. There is a letter outside. Shall I bring it to you? They cannot serve a writ by post, at all events.'

He brought the letter in. I saw at once from the handwriting and envelope that it was from Messrs. Brown and Jones. I know a man who carried a letter about unopened in his pocket for weeks, because he was afraid to look at it. When at last he did open it, it contained merely an invitation to dinner—which was not what he had anticipated. If Wentworth had not been present, I very much doubt whether I should have opened the letter for some considerable time, for I felt rather nervous as to how its very unpleasant purport would be expressed. However, I did not wish to seem afraid before Wentworth, so I opened the envelope with an affectation of carelessness. It was in the usual clerklike hand, but rather longer than usual.

— Copthall Court, E.C. : November —, 188—.

'DEAR SIR,

'We are sorry that you did not return to our office this evening as you promised. But we have no doubt but that you have seen——'

So much I read distinctly; but here the letterswam before me.

'O Wentworth!' I cried; 'for God's sake, is this a hoax?'

'What a hoax?' said Wentworth. But I went on reading without replying to him—

'the news from — in the evening papers. It was known in the "House" a few minutes before Mr. Brown returned after leaving you, and — had risen 8 per cent. in consequence. As such a rise is likely to be followed by a reaction, and as we had your orders to sell, Mr. Brown deemed it prudent to close, especially

as he could do so at a handsome profit. We beg to enclose your account, with credit balance of 10,261*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* We may add that the best prices were not maintained at the close, and that after hours business was done as low as —.

‘We remain, dear sir,

‘Yours faithfully,

‘BROWN AND JONES.’

‘Mrs. Jackson!’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Bring me the paper.’

‘What is all this?’ said Wentworth.

‘Oh bother you!’ I cried, throwing the letter to him, for now I felt sure that Wentworth was not quite so innocent as he seemed. It was not till the news was confirmed by the newspaper that I felt satisfied that it was true. I suppose the reader expects that I was in a rapture of joy. Well, I was very happy; a load was of course taken off my mind. For a moment I felt rapturous; but my mind moved much more quickly now than it had done before. I was very happy; but, after all, what had happened was only what I had anticipated—what I had played for, so to speak—and there was likely to be a further rise in —. If Brown and Jones had not been so precipitate, if they had, say, sold half of the stock, I might have done still better. Whilst these thoughts were passing through my mind, Wentworth had been carefully reading the letter. When he had finished a very methodical perusal of it, he looked at me gravely and said—

‘Hum, this is a go. Lucky they closed the stock, eh?’

‘I don’t know so much about that,’ I said; ‘there is likely to be a further rise when the news is known in the provinces. I shall open twenty thousand more when I go down.’

‘Then I have won my humble five pounds,’ said Wentworth. Continuing gravely: ‘As my reputation was embarked in the concern, I thought it my duty to back my opinion to the extent of five pounds, that the first thing you would want to do when you got out of the mess would be to want to get into it again.’

‘So, then, Mr. Wentworth,’ I said in a violent rage, ‘it is as I expected. In spite of your word of honour to the contrary, I have been the fool of you and your friends. Your word of honour, indeed —’

‘Pardon me,’ interrupted Wentworth as quietly as before.

‘“Audi alteram partem.” When you have heard my version of the matter, you will be in a position to judge how far my honour is jeopardised. I told you last night that if your furniture was

safe your eight thousand pounds was safe, and I have just told you on my word of honour that I meant what I said. I also told you just now that I should be a pitiful scoundrel indeed if I made you the subject of any such meaningless joke as you supposed. By all that I abide. Now hear my justification. Twelve years ago I left the army with the intention of being called to the Bar. I am now a law-student of nearly twelve years' standing. How is that? When I left the army I had, after receiving the price of my commission, nearly fifteen thousand pounds, and now I am thirty-six years of age, without trade, profession, or occupation, and generally in a bother for a few pounds. How is all that? The Stock Exchange, my friend. My experience is nearly the same as yours, not quite so sharp, but pretty much the same. I speculated, and won and lost, then nearly lost the whole, nearly won it back again—had it in my hands as you have—then tried again, and lost the whole. Since then I have been dependent on the bounty—as you know—of an aunt. Charity has many virtues, but punctuality and certainty of payment are not amongst them. And until you know what it is not to have a certain fund to draw from, you will never understand why "*Bis dat qui cito dat*" is as much a maxim to-day as it was two thousand years ago. Briefly, my career has simply, like thousands of others, followed the uncertain lead of uncertain finances. I should like to be called to the Bar, build an edifice for fame, and all that; but I have been continually kept hard at work for the last ten years at least, stopping gaps in my own house. Such has been my experience since I lost my patrimony; but it has been nothing to the experiences of some whom I have known intimately, and who have sunk their fortunes in the Stock Exchange. Now, when I met you last evening, I knew all about your having lost and won your fortune, for I had met one of Brown's clerks about ten minutes before. I knew perfectly well that if you went back to Brown's office you would reopen a part, if not the whole, of the account, and be just as deep as ever in the mire in a few days. I have known two cases at least of men who were ruined on the Stock Exchange—just as honourable and well-bred men as you or I are—coming to greater grief in their attempts to retrieve their fortunes. So I determined, while there was yet time, to try and give you some conception of what it is to be without money, and of how difficult it is to make money if you have not got it. My great idea was to give you one night's experience of the want of money, and what it is likely to lead to, namely, exile, and perhaps imprisonment and death. I had an

appointment with three Russians at a tavern in Gracechurch Street. I went to see them, leaving you in Birch's. I told them the extraordinary story of your losses and gains. In the company of the Russians was a man of large means, who keeps a bachelor's establishment a little way out of London, and who is very fond of theatricals. Both he and the Russians entered into the matter with zest, and my plans became very much more complex than they were at first. The gentleman I have mentioned had been in Russia last summer, and brought home with him the drosky that you drove on last night. The uniforms were supplied partly from his wardrobe, and partly by a costumier in Covent Garden. The Teleporon was chloroform (which, by the way, is just as wonderful, and far more useful than any Teleporon could be). You were taken out of the restaurant and put into a carriage by myself and two others, one of whom was a surgeon, and driven to the place where you found yourself sitting on a stone. Then you were carefully watched, and when you came to and were looking at the sign-post, the Russians were signalled. The name on the sign-post, I may mention, was altered as soon as you were taken into custody. The guard-house was the house of the gentleman I have referred to. The Turcoman was an Irish medical student, and the volley you heard was fired when he was carried to bed insensibly drunk. Kizil-Arvat—at least the Kizil-Arvat that you were conveyed to—was the Temple, and the room where you parted company with Captain Omaroff is not very far off. If you had taken sufficient interest in military matters to belong to the volunteers, your suspicions might have been excited by the rifles and things about the room, for you showed a coolness that surprised every one, and the Russians especially. However, I knew that we were safe on that point. Now you know all about the matter, and I can say honestly, and when you have had a little more experience of the world you will believe me, that I have acted as your friend throughout. You had just escaped by a miracle from absolute ruin, and, when I met you, you were innocently returning to the temptation that had nearly destroyed you, and that would have certainly destroyed you in the end. I have told you my own experience. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." I would have done the same thing if you had been my brother or my son, and I only wish that it had been done to me. Why, man, for heaven's sake, think! If I had told you what I knew when I met you, or let you go back to Brown's office in the tired and excited state that you would have been in, you would have reopened not twenty thousand pounds, but the whole

one hundred and fifty thousand pounds stock before the market closed. Already the stock is one per cent. lower, and that, with the jobber's differences and the broker's commission, would have made a fresh loss of about two thousand pounds. This I can guarantee to you, that none of your friends or acquaintances know anything of last night's proceedings. The men you were with were all strangers to you, and in their eyes you are a hero, partly because they regard you as a gigantic speculator, and partly because you showed the greatest intrepidity under circumstances that would have deceived anybody. Now are we to be friends, and will you keep the promise you made last night that you would never again buy or sell stock for the account?'

There was no doubt, when I considered it, but that I had been saved a good deal of money, perhaps the two thousand pounds that Wentworth said, by not returning to the office of Messrs. Brown and Jones, as I should certainly have reopened some, if not the whole, of the stock at the price it had fallen from. I was greatly pleased to hear that none of my chums were in the secret of my journey to the place that the sign-board said was Kizil-Arvat, and I was mollified by the compliments that had been paid to my courage. Besides I had sense enough to know that the best way to shut the thing up was to laugh at it. So I said to Wentworth, 'I shall shake hands on two conditions: first, that you come down the river with me until Monday; and, secondly, that you will bring Captain Omaroff and Company to dine with me next week.'

'With all my heart,' said Wentworth; 'but before we shake hands, do you abide by your promise that you will never again buy or sell for the account?'

'I do,' I said; and I have kept my promise. We had a very pleasant dinner on the Wednesday following. The gentleman at whose house I had been was a wealthy shipbroker, and through him I got my first brief. I wanted Wentworth to accept a couple of hundred pounds to be repaid when he pleased, but he declined with many expressions of thanks.

'It is not the want of money that I have had to complain of,' he said, 'so much as the want of a certain income that would enable me to follow a settled course of life.'

I married my cousin Kate in the following January, and, when I have said that I made a settlement of my property that put it out of my power to make ducks and drakes of it, and that Wentworth was my best man at the wedding, my story is finished.

*Mr. Irving's Mephistopheles.*

WHEN the grey shapes of dread, adoring, fall  
 Before the Red One, towering o'er them all ;  
 The one whose voice and gesture, face and form,  
 Proclaim him Prince of the unhallowed storm,  
 Who stands unmoved amid the fiery tide  
 And rain of flame that sweep the mountain side ;  
 Then, as the ribald pageant fades from view,  
 We think the Fiend himself commands the crew.  
 But when the mask is down, and when a smile  
 Wreathes the dark face, and flattering words beguile ;  
 When, whimsical, half careless of deceiving,  
 He plays upon the student's fond believing ;  
 When from beneath the cavalier's disguise  
 The Snake unveils the menace of his eyes ;  
 When, with a far-off ring of his despair,  
 His scathing laughter splits the frightened air,  
 Then, more than in the Brocken's maddening revel,  
 We seem to see and hear the living Devil.

W. H. POLLOCK.



## *At the Sign of the Ship.*

ONE of Henri Murger's heroes hired a man to waken him every morning, tell him what the weather was like, and 'what Government we are living under.' Without being a prophet, no man can tell what Government we shall be under when this talk is published, but it is certain that Lord Salisbury wished to do something for International Copyright. Matters cannot be much worse than they are. The Americans can get our books, and do get them, and republish them and give us nothing—that awful minus quantity, 'nuppence'! And then a critic in the *Nation* (a very good New York paper, though somewhat harsh and crabbed) accuses many of our novelists of 'getting money under false pretences.' He does not care for our recent romances, this courteous reviewer in the *Nation*, and he cries out that he is being defrauded. I make him my compliments, and am reminded of the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb. 'You trouble the stream from which I drink!' says the Wolf; and the Lamb in vain replied that he himself drank lower down the water.

Conceive a buccaneer of the old sort, Captain Kidd, or honest John Silver, making prize of a British barque and then finding the cargo, cottons or cutlery, not to his taste; he calls the luckless skipper to the quarter-deck, and preaches him a sermon on his commercial dishonesty, and gives him a dozen, and makes him walk the plank, and then sails away with his disappointing prize. The critic's conduct is like that of Captain Kidd, and we may reply, 'Sir, if we obtain money on false pretences it is British specie, none of *your* dollars.' The American author, too, does not enjoy the easy stratagem by which our books are pilfered (by the Western or Eastern robber) ready made. Not many of his countrymen will buy his expensive novel, 'The Philadelphians,' when they can get Mr. Besant's books, or Mr. Stevenson's, for next to nothing. So the American authors have published a Round Robin, denouncing

the pirates' industry, in the most feeling and masculine language, as a national and personal disgrace. The Round Robin is signed with facsimiles of their autographs, and it is pleasant to learn that our brethren of the pen over-seas are of our mind, and give a piece of that mind, with the frankest generosity, to their country's Legislature. We don't steal their books '—much,' as the Russian Prince says in the 'Great Pink Pearl,' and it neither suits the British nor the American author that our books should be stolen. How it suits the American consumer is another question. Perhaps he does not feel the national and personal disgrace quite so keenly.

\* \* \*

As a contribution to this discussion comes a pamphlet by an American author whose books 'have a large circulation in England, and in several Continental languages.' I cannot analyse all his argument here, but he thinks he has a new plan to propose. The plan is 'Protected Author's Copyright, with Free Trade Competition.' A combination of Free Trade and Protection should win every vote. The object is to keep books cheap, and yet give the writers liberal payment. Americans would not relish paying whatever it is that people *do* pay for novels, which nominally cost a guinea and a half. Yet, if British copyright were simply extended to America, I presume that the denizens of the States would be victims of this cruel necessity. At present American publishers find it pay them to publish a book like Farrar's 'Life of Christ' for twenty pence. No doubt it pays them, if they don't pay the learned divine who wrote the book, nor his English publishers. Well, the new dodge is that an author's books shall all be stamped with a trade mark, say the Lion and the Eagle fondly embracing. Anyone who bought or sold a book without the stamp would be liable to prosecution and fine. The American publisher who wanted some of Mr. Froude's works, let us say, would buy 10,000 stamps from Mr. Froude, each stamp bearing the retail price per volume legibly printed. I understand that the publisher might buy 9,000 shilling stamps for a cheap edition, and 1,000 ten shilling stamps for a handsome edition, and so on. Perhaps the reader understands this scheme which, apparently, permits half a dozen publishers, if they choose, to put forth the same author's works, while he (as I take it) receives a royalty of about an eighth on the retail price. I don't see where the English publisher's share comes in, and he will probably examine the

project with a keen eye on that part of its details. Perhaps he and the English author split the eighth, or toss for it.

\* \* \*

Probably the most diverting of the comments by American authors on copyright were Mark Twain's endeavours to prove that cheap foreign books are bad for American manners and American morals. Our novels establish a false ideal in the American imagination, and the result is that mysterious being 'The Dude.' Yet our books must have taught Americans a good deal, too, for it can never be well for a great people to remain in ignorance of the rest of the civilised world. Dickens's 'American Notes' must have been quite educational (as, perhaps, Mr. W. D. Howells would allow), but there is no reason why free education should be extended by the transfer of England's books, for nothing, to America. That arrangement has always been, on our side, as Aristotle says about robbery, 'an involuntary exchange.'

\* \* \*

Many of the readers of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE have been good enough to interest themselves in supplying the hungry dock-yard labourers with pennyworths of cheap food. It is a miserable thing that those men, so well equipped with thews and muscles and much-enduring hearts as they are, so well fitted for a full if laborious life, should be reduced to starvation. And yet all the world is open to them, or rather the pick of the world—the countries under our flag which Mr. Froude describes so pleasantly in 'Oceana.' There the sun (though he shines there, which he fails to do here) sees no discontented nor pinched faces, but all men work and thrive. There the day is happily divided in a threefold fashion—eight hours for sleep, eight for work, eight for play; and there, too, as in the United States, the benevolent wish of Henri IV. is fulfilled, and each man has his sufficient roast chicken and *pot-au-feu*. In the States, to be sure, or at least in the Eastern States, population is levelling up, or down, to the old European starvation level; but the Colonies, Australia and New Zealand, have still abundance of room for men whose capital is their strength. Yet, while we have societies to encourage and facilitate emigration, a sort of lecturers goes about denouncing emigration as cruel exile. It is not easy to understand the people who take this line. In all robust countries, from the first *ver sacrum* or popular migration downwards, persons

of energy have gone, like the Spartan king, 'for the lands not yet meted out,' in our case for the fertile lands of Oceana. All ranks and classes of Englishmen go into this kind of voluntary exile, and are building an empire which will endure, whatever ills may befall the little weary mother-country. Only an exceedingly ignorant or malevolent mind would seek to keep hungry men, idle perforce, from food and not exhaustive work for the mere purpose of irritating more and more the social trouble, already in a feverish condition. But any scheme of emigration which throws men on unfamiliar shores without knowledge, implements, or money, is, perhaps, worse than leaving them to linger, rather than live, outside the Docks. Alas, after all, it is said that 'meetings of the unemployed' are common in Australian towns!

\* \* \*

The public would oblige many writers on Bibliography by *not* sending them letters full of questions as to the value of wholly worthless old books. Generally speaking, Elzevirs and Aldines, on which their owners set a purely fancy value, are to be bought at from one to five shillings. Only very perfect, tall, well-bound examples of rare editions have any higher price. If an owner is in doubt he can go to the British Museum and consult Brunet's 'Manuel,' or Willems's 'Les Elzevier;' there he will find all he need know, and he will spare the bibliographer the trouble of writing him an epistle to tell him that his treasure is trash. 'Old books,' that is, old editions of the classics published between 1500-1650, are as common as blackberries, and are not worth inquiring about. Lately I saw, in a country bookseller's catalogue, a volume containing five or six Elzevir copies of Molière's plays, *not* of the first Elzevir dates, priced at 9*l*. The book may have been worth five shillings; I have bought one like it for half-a-crown, and no great bargain.

\* \* \*

Mr. Frederick Locker, to the discontent of mankind, adds very seldom now to his 'London Lyrics.' He has lately, however, produced certain Commendatory Verses for the Catalogue of Mr. Coombes, of New York, and these he has kindly allowed me to reproduce here. The lines are supposed to have been found on the fly-leaf of Florio's 'Montaigne,' in the Rowfant Library.

Of yore, when books were few and fine,  
 Will Shakespeare cut these leaves of mine,  
 But when he passed I went astray,  
 Till bought by Pope, a gift for Gay;  
 Then, later on, betwixt my pages  
 A nose was poked—the Bolt-Court Sage's.

But tho' the Fame began with Rawleigh  
 And had not dwindled with Macaulay;  
 Tho' still I tincture many tomes  
 Like Lowell's pointed sense, and Holmes',  
 For me the halcyon days are past,  
 I'm here and with a dunce at last.

\* \*  
 \*

Mr. Quaritch is about to publish, I believe, a small edition of Mr. Locker's own Catalogue, which contains some of the very rarest books in English literature. Concerning these, and the traditions connected with them, I hope to say more on a later day, for the Rowfant Catalogue is not yet in the hands of bookmen. The following verses, by some author with quite as much rhyme as reason at his command, are prefixed to the volume. If the Ballade deserves all the good things M. Lemaitre has lately been saying about it, the Ballade may perhaps become a still more erratic guide among ideas previously unconnected when it is doubled, as here, with the rondeau. But we must wait to know how this may be till M. Théodore de Banville tries his hand at the mixture.

#### THE ROWFANT BOOKS.

##### BALLADE EN GUISE DE RONDEAU.

The Rowfant books, how fair they shew,  
 The Quarto quaint, the Aldine tall,  
 Print, autograph, portfolio!  
 Back from the outer air they call,  
 The athletes from the Tennis ball,  
 This Rhymers from his rod and hooks,  
 Would I could sing them, one and all,  
 The Rowfant books!

The Rowfant books! In sun and snow  
 They're dear, but most when tempests fall;  
 The folio towers above the row  
 As once, o'er minor prophets,—Saul!  
 What jolly jest books, and what small  
 'Dear dumpy Twelves' to fill the nooks.  
 You do not find on every stall  
 The Rowfant books!

The Rowfant books! These long ago  
 Were chained within some College hall;  
 These manuscripts retain the glow  
 Of many a coloured capital;  
 While yet the satires keep their gall,  
 While the Pastissier puzzles cooks,  
 Theirs is a joy that does not pall,  
 The Rowfant books!

ENVOY.

The Rowfant books,—ah magical  
 As famed Armida's golden looks,  
 They hold the Rhymer for their thrall—  
 The Rowfant books!

\* \* \*

In the volume on Salmon and Trout, in the *Badminton Library* (i. 102), we read: 'to the trout of Carnaclwydy pools, near Rhayader, has been attributed the singular propensity of *croaking*; indeed the "croaking trout" are regarded as amongst the local lions.' 'They do decidedly utter a peculiar croak,' says an angler who has caught them; and the popular belief is that they were either bewitched by the monks of Strataflorida Abbey or that they are trying to speak Welsh.

Oddly enough, there were croaking trout in ancient Arcadia, and they certainly were 'amongst the local lions.' 'They say,' says Pausanias in his *Guide Book*, 'that the freckled fish chirp like birds. I have seen them caught, but chirp I never heard them, though I abode by the river till the going down of the sun, when the fish are said to be most vocal.' Pausanias was less lucky than the anglers of Wales. One has often heard a trout



croak on dry land, but the noise seemed to be automatic, and the mere passage of air through the gills (Pausanias, viii. 21).

\* \* \*

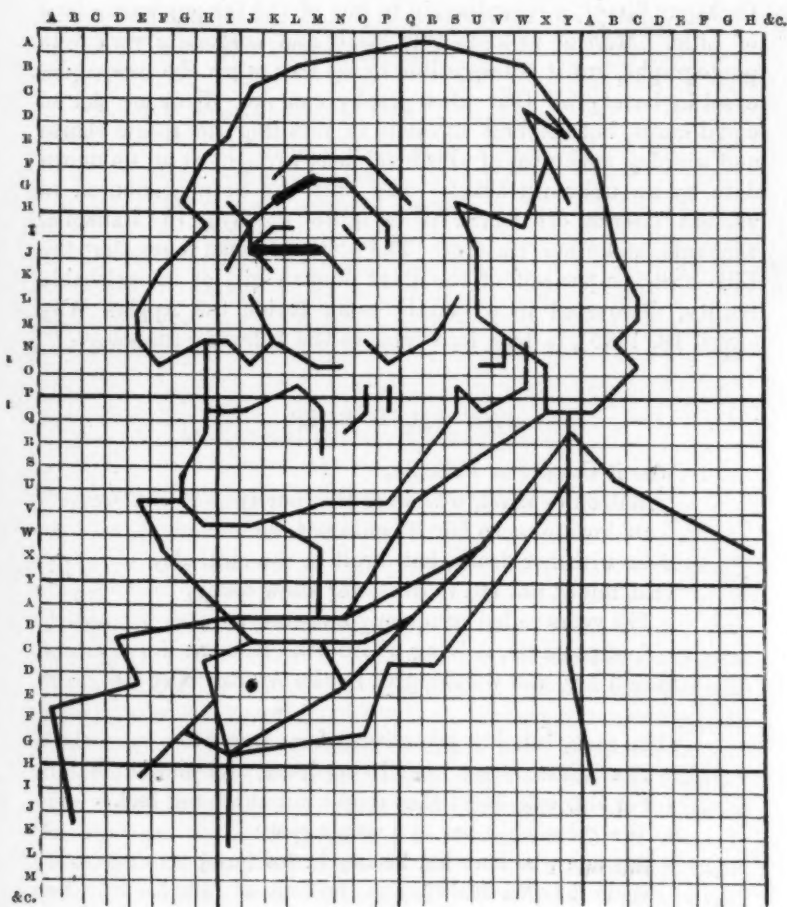
There is to be seen just now, in Mr. Obach's galleries in Cockspur Street, a reproduction in wax of the famous waxen bust of Lille. Most of us know this lovely and enigmatic work from photographs, but it is impossible to say how much the new copies excel in beauty all that photography can do. They are not of equal merit, but the best succeeds in recalling the magic charm and winning sweetness of this ideal face, wrought at an unknown date by an unknown artist. The bust has been attributed to ancient Greece (of which it is quite worthy), to Raffaele, Lionardo, and other masters. The pretty German fancy that the Lille bust is a portrait of the dead Roman girl of imperishable beauty, discovered in a marble coffin beside the Appian Way (April 18, 1485), is done into verse in the following sonnet:—

*THE LILLE BUST.*

Was it Cæcilia or Felicula,  
 Matron or maid, who wore this purity  
 Of loveliness so fair it could not die  
 Even with her death, but dwelt in the chill clay  
 That might not fall to dust, nor know decay,  
 Till years rolled into many a century,  
 And peasants, delving where dead Romans lie,  
 Found her, and worshipped, by the Appian Way?

Then men, beholding her sweet face, forgot  
 The Saints, forgot their living loves, and pined  
 For this cold heart that might not throb nor feel.  
 So the Priests hid her in a secret spot;  
 But one who bore her beauty in his mind,  
 Made it twice deathless in the bust of Lille!

## Map-flapping.



THE above head, which was taken from the cartoon in *Punch* of November 7, 1885, is the literal outcome of the signalled 'message,' given at page 415 of the February number of this magazine.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> By an error in the printing, the *spot* in fig. 4, p. 409, was misplaced; it should be in the topright-hand corner, instead of the centre, of the little square in which it appears. The *spot* in fig. 2 seems to have vanished altogether.

At the United Service Institution on January 15, at Mr. Glen's lecture, Colonel Melville explained his system, which I find he has carried further than I stated in my article. He uses a square frame lettered horizontally in capitals along the top, at about  $\frac{1}{3}$ -inch intervals. *Small* letters are also placed at similar intervals along a rule parallel with the sides of the frame, and capable of being slid from side to side. Sender and receiver have each a frame, and the co-ordinates are easily read off, and the points reproduced, by adjusting the rule. The instructions are that in signalling each pair of letters the *capital* letter is to be sent first; the object being to prevent all chance of error. This seems to be an excellent instrument.

Colonel Melville provides for working to a greater degree of accuracy than  $\frac{1}{3}$ -inch, if necessary, by dividing into halves the spaces between letters, and reading off by eye the whole space into decimal intervals (the .5 point being marked to assist the eye), *e.g.* A five, B three, &c. He does not consider that the extra words entailed by this will matter except where flags are used. This is a question for signallers; who moreover may, he thinks, be left to make such abbreviations, &c., as shall seem requisite. In his opinion the system will be used chiefly by means of wire.

The difficulty arising in the case of telephones by reason of the similarity of *sound* of certain letters, unless clearly pronounced (*e.g.* B, C, D, E, G, P, T, V, also M, N, &c.), he meets, very ingeniously, by directing that each of these doubtful letters shall, when telephoned, be spoken in the form of a monosyllable containing the letter in question twice repeated. For example, the letter B would be telephoned 'Bob,' C 'Cock,' D 'Deed,' and so on.

He does not propose that the sender should write down his message, but that he should call out the pairs of letters successively to the signaller; the receiver plotting the point immediately. It may be questioned whether this will prove satisfactory when mistakes have to be corrected in signalling or in messaging. Mistakes may occur, and it is not always possible to detect them at once—certainly not when the message is passing through intermediate stations.

It is interesting to notice that Mr. C. Townley, of the Savage Club, in a letter in the *Daily Chronicle* of January 18, *à propos* of Mr. Glen's paper, claims to have invented and elaborated twelve years ago a method of signalling drawings very like the method which I have described. Colonel Melville is, however, I believe,

the only person who has taken out a patent for the method of signalling maps and drawings by co-ordinates. We shall be very glad if he can get the authorities to take up the matter in earnest.

Since my paper was written, simple formulæ have been invented for signalling accurately, and with at the most four letters in each case; (1) compass bearings, (2) any angle, (3) distances in miles or yards. The advantages of this in the case of surveying are obvious. But there is still plenty of room for development.

H. G. WILLINK.

### *'The Donna.'*

THE Editor begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following contributions to the 'Donna' fund:—

Gen. Sir Beauchamp Walker 1*l.* Anthony Shaw 2*l.* 2*s.* Walter Worthington 1*l.* 1*s.* Thomas Gripper 1*l.* The Lady Eowe 5*s.* Mrs. Cleasby 1*l.* 'Donna,' 1*l.* Cripple. Mrs. Ellis 1*l.* H. E. W. 1*s.* Anonymous 10*s.* X. X. X. 5*s.* William Black 2*l.* 2*s.* E. L. Gorleston 5*s.* E. Bull 5*s.* Miss Collins 2*l.* 'Donna,' 2*l.* Cripple. James Solly 5*s.* A Constant Reader 1*l.* Rev. H. Atkinson 10*s.* E. L. H. 5*s.* 'Donna,' 5*s.* Cripple. S. J. W. (Edinboro) 10*s.* E. L. 2*s.* E. H. 5*s.* A small contribution to the 'Donna' fund from H. 2*s.* 6*d.* M. R. M. 2*s.* 6*d.* Mr. and Mrs. Slous 1*l.* 1*s.* for the 'Don' or 'Donna.' Major-Gen. G. S. Macbean 1*l.* M. G. E. 10*s.* 6*d.* Collected at H Street 10*s.* Mrs. Antonio Engelbach 5*s.* 'Don,' 5*s.* 'Donna,' The Hon. Lady Elliot 1*l.* 'Donna,' 1*l.* Cripple. Miss Elliot 10*s.* Cripple. Jean 10*s.* D. W. 10*s.* Cripple. Miss Bidgood 2*l.* Cripple. C. H. H. 10*s.* Cripple, 5*s.* 'Donna.' Mrs. J. C. Smith 10*s.* Exon 5*s.* J. Robinson 10*s.* Cripple. E. P. N. 2*l.* V. C. G. 5*s.* 'Donna,' 5*s.* Cripple. T. H. Sherwood 10*s.* 6*d.* 'Donna,' 10*s.* 6*d.* Cripple. Miss Churchill 1*l.* Miss Griffith 10*s.* 'Don,' 7*s.* 6*d.* 'Donna.' G. H. Longman 1*l.* 1*s.* 'Donna,' 1*l.* 1*s.* Cripple. G. K. R. 10*s.* Cripple. Katherine F. Drutt 5*s.* Major-General Clerk 1*l.* 'Donna,' 1*l.* Cripple. A Friend 7*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Brodribb 10*s.* Anonymous 5*l.* T. B. 1*l.* 1*s.* "In mem." 5*l.* Miss Muoray 1*l.* E. S. & A. E. B. Cardiff 10*s.*

The Editor has also received a 10*l.* note with no indication as to who it comes from or the intentions of the giver beyond the following:

'For the "Donna."

A. S. S.

5*l.*

If a 10*l.* note has been sent by mistake for 5*l.*, the owner can have the balance on giving the number of the note. In any case the Editor will be glad to receive instructions as to how he is to use the remaining 5*l.*

Contributions received after February will be acknowledged in the April number.

In view of the great distress prevailing at the East of London, portions of food are now being sold at one farthing instead of a halfpenny. This is a temporary measure which may do much good service in the present crisis, but at the earliest possible moment a return will be made to the old prices.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A Stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss.*







# DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

ONLY GENUINE



ORIGINAL AND

IS THE  
GREAT SPECIFIC  
FOR  
CHOLERA.

**C**OUGHES,  
**C**OLDS,  
**A**STHMA,  
**B**RONCHITIS,

**D**IARRHŒA, DYSENTERY.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S**  
**CHLORODYNE**.—Dr. J. C.  
BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff)  
DISCOVERED A REMEDY to de-  
note which he coined the word **CHLO-**  
**RODYNE**, and, as the composition  
of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be dis-  
covered by Analysis (organic sub-  
stances defying elimination), and  
since the formula has never been pub-  
lished, it is evident that any state-  
ment to the effect that a compound  
is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlo-  
rodyne must be false.

This Caution is necessary, as many  
persons deceive purchasers by false  
representations.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S**  
**CHLORODYNE**.—Vice Chan-  
cellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated  
publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS  
BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY  
the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE,  
that the whole story of the defendant  
Freeman was deliberately untrue,  
and he regretted to say it had been  
sworn to.—See *The Times*, July 13th,  
1884.

GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH,  
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